THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY MAY 22, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1921.

SINGING IN THE RAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Where the elm-tree branches
By the rain are stirred,
Careless of the shower
Swings a little bird;—
Clouds may frown and darken,
Drops may fall in vain,
Little cares the warbler
Singing in the rain!

Silence, soft, unbroken,
Reigneth everywhere,
Save the rain's low heart-throbs
Beating on the air,—
Save the song which, pausing,
Wins no answering strain,—
Little cares the wild-bird
Singing in the rain!

Not yet are the orchards
Rich with rosy snow,—
Nor with dandelions
Are the fields a-glow,—
Yet almost, my fancy
In his song's soft flow,
Hears the June leaves whisper,
And the roses blow!

Dimmer fall the shadows,
Mistier grows the air,—
Still the thick clouds gather
Darkening here and there,—
From their heavy fringes
Pour the drops amain—
Still the bird is swinging,
Singing in the rain.

Oh, thou hopeful singer,
Whom my faith perceives
To a dove transfigured,
Bringing olive leaves,—
Olive leaves of promise,
Types of joy to be—
How, in doubt and trial,
Learns my heart of thee!

Cheerful summer-prophet!
Listening to thy song
How my fainting spirit
Groweth glad and strong!
Let the dark clouds gather,
Let the sunshine wane,
If I may but join thee
Singing in the rain!

Portland, Me.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER VI.

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

It was during his second long vacation that Philip Coniston first saw the *woman*, Vesta Lancaster—for a woman in character, manner and appearance she had become, though but a few months past sixteen.

"Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately."

It happened that Philip was absent, on one of his visits to his mother, when the Dowager Lady Egerton arrived at the Hall, and as he was returning thither in the early morning, he first met his cousin, walking alone in the park. Vesta recognized him from a distance, and was hurrying to meet him, when she observed the slight limp with which he walked. Shocked and pained, she paused in the utmost confusion, striving in vain to smile her welcome, or to utter the glad words which a moment before were springing to her lips. Philip also paused before reaching her side, removed his hat in silence, and stood gazing at the beautiful girl before him in wonder and bewilderment, as though she had attained to her proud height, her womanly beauty and dignity by the magical growth of a single night.

Vesta first regained self-possession.

"Why Cousin Philip," she said—"are you not going to speak to me?—Won't you shake hands with me?"

"Ah, pardon me, Cousin Vesta, if indeed it be you," said Philip, laughing, and giving to his cousin a hearty English hand-shake, than which there is no heartier, franker greeting—the French kiss, the Italian embrace mean often infinitely less—"pardon me, for I was quite struck aback, dazed and overwhelmed by your full-blown womanhood. I foolishly enough looked to see the rose-bud of—what was it?—fourteen?—forgetting that it had had time to transfigure itself into the perfect rose of—"

"The mature age of sixteen years and ten months. But, Cousin Philip, what a flatterer you have become—you have grown to be like other young Oxford and Cambridge men," said Vesta, disquieted, she scarcely knew why, by the gallant tone of her cousin.

"There you do me wrong," he replied—"I spoke earnestly, though rather too lightly, perhaps. I really was taken by surprise—I had not expected to find you so much changed. It is marvellous."

"And it has never occurred to you that you have also changed? I am afraid that I cannot return your compliment in kind, though. I can't in conscience, compare you to a rose, unless it be to the single white. What have you been doing to yourself? It is evident that you have not taken university-life lightly. Are the old classics such serious company?"

"Do I then wear a serious aspect, a rueful countenance, even on this happy occasion?"

"Not quite so bad as that—perhaps pensive would be a better word."

"Oh, no, anything but that mild and maidenly term! You will apostrophise me next in this wise—

"'Hail, pensive maid, serene and holy!'

You have grown severe, my cousin."

"No, only saucy—but I must have my say out—I see still the old manly fire in your eye—but your cheek is pale, you are most poetically thin—what romantic young ladies would call 'interesting'—but as for me, I would rather see you as stout and ruddy as—"

"Our Cousin Harold?"

"Not quite—there is a just medium; but as a young peasant, a shepherd boy,—as David of old, for instance. You know he was of a 'ruddy countenance,' 'goodly to look upon.'"

"What is the use?—there is no Goliath for me to slay."

"I don't know about that, Cousin Philip, "I am inclined to believe that every young man has his Goliath, if he has the sight to perceive him, and the courage to go out to meet him," replied Vesta, with quaint seriousness. "But you will say I am preaching," she continued. "Do forgive me. I'll promise not to find fault with you, if you'll not compliment me, or treat me in any strange, new way. I dare say we shall like our new selves, as well as we liked the old, after a while. We have not 'suffered a *soul*-change,' after all. I am the same thoughtless girl who once incited you to a perilous service—you are the same rash boy who—" here she paused, reminded of her cousin's lameness, which for the moment, she had forgotten. She colored, and the tears sprang to her eyes, as she exclaimed—"Oh, Cousin Philip, why did you not tell me all? It was kind, yet unkind of you to conceal from me the sad consequence of my childish freak. I feel it all the more keenly now."

"Why cousin mine," said the young collegian, gallantly—"no knight of old was ever prouder of a wound got in his lady's service than I of this same limp. It reminds—"

"Stop!" interrupted Vesta, turning upon him quickly, and convicting him with one look of her large, frank, womanly eyes—"don't, I entreat, talk to me in that strain—it is not true, and I think it is senseless. You cannot be *proud* of even the slightest personal misfortune of that kind."

"Well," said Philip, laughing at her earnestness, "as you put me on my oath, I confess that it is a little awkward, and I cannot be exactly proud of it; but have got used to it—reconciled to it—it does not trouble me now."

"Ah that is better—I am glad," said Vesta.

But the simple-hearted young girl soon found to her annoyance and bewilderment, that it was vain to think of taking up again where they had dropped them, the old familiar confidential relations of daily intercourse. In heart, she was less changed than Philip, for she had loved him with a sentiment and devotion beyond her years—he was to her simply what he had been from the season of their first acquaintance—the best and dearest of friends. A brother, she who had never known a brother, esteemed him—but in truth, he was something more, even then. Her manner toward him had changed scarcely more than her feeling. It was a shade prouder than of old, but the pride was chastened by the same playful frankness, the same fearless preference. But Philip's pride had grown morbid—his manner had acquired a guarded shyness—a sort of defiant deference toward his cousin. She was no longer his child-love, no longer his little liege lady—the fairy princess of the boy's first impossible romance; but already the woman of fortune, of assured position, of social advantages, and doubtless social prejudices as well—of the world, worldly, a patrician, and doubtless "with the feelings of her kind." She was beautiful also, at least to his somewhat whimsical artist-taste, which, while upholding the classic in theory, in reality preferred the less regular and more spirited type—beautiful and "noble, certes," and so to be the more jealously shunned, the more distantly adored by one secretly vowed to an art the most unworldly, the most exacting—the divine daughter of Nature and poverty. She was fair enough and proud enough for a queen of love and beauty—but even to joust under her colors, for her smile, he would not enter the lists of rank and fashion. Pope and lordlings might break dainty lances for her, and she might crown the victor at last, some knight of high degree. She was still the princess of faeries unshorn of her sweet mystic charms; but he was no longer the hero sworn to her service, on the brave quest of her, eager to plunge through a forest of difficulties and briary obstacles;—or rather he had grown faint hearted and beheld her guarded by exceeding fierce dragons of interest and prejudice—bound in a cold enchantment of caste, undissolvable by mortal adjuration or devoir.

The boy of nineteen, already *désillusioné* of life, and double-locking his heart against love! It was frightful, and yet almost laughable.

Yet Philip verily thought himself noble, when he was only selfishly proud; strong, when he was most weak; manly, when he was wretchedly morbid.

Vesta Lancaster did not see all this, wise and clear-sighted as she was, beyond her years. She did not understand her cousin's character, as it now appeared to her—she could not reconcile its contradictions, but she believed that all was sound and fair, chivalric and beautiful in his original nature. She thought that the untimely shadow of distrust and discontent which had crept over his young face was wholly from without, and blamed herself for having lost the child-like power to charm it away—Even Amy Coniston, in her maternal love-blindness, was not more unobservant of the growing faults of his character, than she; until unusual circumstances forced them upon her notice.

Shortly after Vesta's arrival at the Hall, she drove over to Woolham, and made a long friendly call upon Mrs. Coniston. She returned delighted with her visit, and spoke of it freely at dinner, not a little to the annoyance of her aunt and grandmamma.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the latter, "how could you do such an improper thing as to go alone to make a formal visit?"

"Why, dear grandmamma, it is all in the family, you know," replied Vesta, as "she smiled around right childly," but her tone had a decided meaning in it, which was understood by more than one at the table, as a tacit reproach. "Besides," she added, "it was not a formal visit, at all—quite the contrary, I assure you."

"Well, well, you are an incorrigible child, and must have your way, I suppose. One never heard of such whimsical, independent girls when I was young. They came in with the new systems, innovations and insanities of these latter days—with the free philosophies, and lax social theories, the *isms* and *ites* which distract the world."

But the dear old dowager had cause, a little later, to lift her eyebrows in yet more profound surprise and serious displeasure, at an incident which strikingly exhibited the fearless independence and generous impulsiveness of her granddaughter's character. It happened in this wise:

The party at the Hall had been invited to join in a fox-hunt, to come off on a portion of the classic ground of Chevy Chase. They were to set out early, to meet the other gentlemen and fair dames of the hunt.

Sir Ralph, punctual to a second, headed the cavalcade, and rode off, accompanied by his son Hubert. Harold, who was by no means burdened by the faint heart which fails to win the fair lady, bore off Miss Lancaster. To Philip's lot fell Miss Georgiana. That young lady was, as usual, late. She lingered so long at her toilet, she descended so leisurely from her chamber, that when she reached the hall-door, the rest of the party were "over the hills and far away"—with the exception, of course, of Philip, her cavalier, who stood patiently waiting for her, idly lashing off the fading leaves of a certain climbing rose-tree with his riding-whip.

Having assisted his cousin into her saddle, Philip was giving some directions to the groom, before mounting himself, when he observed that Miss Georgiana, who was a bad, though reckless rider, had already fretted her spirited horse till he was becoming unmanageable—plunging and sidling up against the turret, in a way to endanger the limbs, if not the life, of the young lady. To prevent her feet from being bruised against the rough stone wall, Philip sprang into his saddle and dashed in between her and the turret. But Miss Coniston continuing awkwardly to pull on the wrong rein a moment longer, her horse was crowded against her cousin's, which, becoming restive, reared and plunged forward, just as Philip's foot was caught in a little angle of the wall. His ankle, the lame one, received a severe wrench, and an exclamation of uncontrollable pain escaped his lips.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Georgiana, whose reins were now in the safe possession of the groom.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Philip, wincing and looking very white; "I have sprained my ankle, it seems, and I am afraid I cannot go with you. I am very sorry, but will you not ride on, with Allen? You can soon overtake the party, at the rate you ride."

"Nonsense, Phil!" exclaimed the young Lady Gay, with that sort of cheap cheerfulness which some people make a merit of when others suffer, and for their fault; "you are surely not going to stay away from the hunt, and be coddled up, just for a little sprain! It will be better soon. Come, let us be off!"

"No, you must excuse me. I think I am quite disabled for the time, and the pain is intolerable."

"Well, if you won't go, you must stay, I suppose. There is no moving you, I know, when you once set down your foot, even if it is your lame one; and I dare say you will enjoy yourself better at home, under all the circumstances. So good-morning," and the amiable young lady galloped off, followed by her groom.

Philip was helped into the house by a servant, and up into his old place of refuge, the library. He could go no farther, for the pain and faintness caused by his hurt. The kind housekeeper came to him at once, and bound up the injured foot, applying some soothing liniment. There was neither fracture nor dislocation this time—it was only a sprain, but who does not know what acute suffering a mere sprain may cause one.

The housekeeper had just left him, and Philip was lying on a sofa, pale and exhausted. The pain was subsiding, but there was creeping over him a dismal, childish sense of helplessness and desertion—a bitter, sullen resentment against he know not who or what—when he heard a quick, light, familiar step in the hall without—the door was flung open, and Vesta Lancaster appeared, just as she had come in from a rapid ride—in her blue cloth habit and plumed hat, whip in hand, cheeks flushed with exercise and excitement, and hair tossed about by the wind.

Philip started up in astonishment at this sudden apparition.

"Why, Cousin Vesta—Miss Lancaster, why have you returned so soon?"

"To stay with you. What else should bring me back? I heard of your accident from Georgiana, who showed herself a heartless little minx in leaving you. But tell me, are you much hurt?"

"Not seriously—only a sprain."

"Oh, thank Heaven!" exclaimed Vesta, fervently. "I was afraid," she added, with a painful blush, "I was horribly afraid when I drew out of Georgiana, by close questioning, that it was your *right* ankle, that it might be a fracture in the old place."

"Oh, nothing half so bad as that," replied Philip, coloring, in his turn, but with pleasure. "And now, my dear cousin, that you have seen how slight a hurt it is, let me beg of you to leave me at once, and return to the hunting party. It will not be too late to rejoin them, for doubtless they will wait for you."

"Yes, Cousin Philip, it is too late to rejoin them—and no, they will not wait for me. I told them I was coming back to stay with you—once what would. I withstood their railleries, received a pretty sharp volley of ridicule and remonstrance, but rode away with all colors flying.

"My gallant cavalier insisted, sullenly enough, I must say, on accompanying me home, and as I could not drive him back, I out-rode him—my Black Bess being the better animal, and carrying considerably less weight, and I believe he soon gave up the chase—at least, I have not seen him since I came over the hill. They all know me too well, I fancy, to wait for me,—so you see, my 'poor unfortunate,' you will have to submit to my company, this morning, *bon gré, mal-gré*; I will just run up to my room to doff this riding 'toggery,' as our worshipful Cousin Harold calls it, and will be with you in a trice."

Philip smiled, gratefully, proudly on the beautiful girl as she bounded from the room, the very plumes of her hat nodding a cheery au-revoir. He was enchanted—his face assumed as by magic the old bright, frank, careless look—he forgot his wary, unreasonable pride—his wise resolves and self-imposed limits,—he almost ignored his throbbing and swollen foot, and for a time dwelt in Arcadia.

Vesta returned with her hair smoothed into subdued, glossy ringlets, and her riding-habit replaced by a simple home dress of some soft texture, and of a hue which was a comfort to the eye—a delicate lilac, one of the last vanishing gradations of mourning.

All that glorious autumnal morning she sat, contentedly conversing with her cousin, reading to him, or ministering to his little wants, all with the charming freedom and kindliness of the happy old time, which to the venerable youth seemed a small age ago. She took down *Percy's Reliques*, and read to him, in a voice sweeter than singing, the grand old ballad of Chevy Chase—and both being poets, in their way, agreed that it was better to be present, in imagination, at such scenes of fierce sport and fiercer fight, than to join bodily a stupid modern hunting party of college youths and country gentlemen, rash girls and timid mammas, and be in at the death of one poor worn out stag, or miserable Reynard.

"What a pretty book-mark!" said Vesta, as she sat turning over the leaves of the volume. "Yours, I suppose, from the motto—'*Philipens*,'—orthography sacrificed to a pun!"

"Oh, yes, a little jest of Georgiana's. I had no idea where I had left that sole token of my fair cousin's regard. I should have treasured it more carefully."

"Yes, suppose she had found it in this dusty, forgotten old book of ballads!"

"Oh, no danger—nobody in this house, with the exception of your fair self and humble servant, is at all given to the reading of poetry and romance. As far as the family are concerned, two-thirds of these books might as well be the wooden shams with which I have heard, a certain ingenious American enriched the shelves of his library. When there are no guests at the Hall, this room is very little used, even for social purposes; my uncle's family almost abandon it. The very atmosphere of literature seems distasteful to them. Just such libraries as these, I have always fancied haunted by the ghosts of the neglected poets. They certainly could not choose a place where they would be less likely to be disturbed. Sometimes I have sat in my window-seat, yonder, alone all through the gloaming, and till quite into the night—and then I have fancied the room peopled with them. They came in with the wierd light of stars or of the young moon. I have seemed to hear the solemn stride of the old Greeks and Latins—to hear the stir of their vestors. I have seen the white flow of Homer's beard, and the tremble of his groping hands. I have heard the rustle of Petrarch's laurels, and seen the stately shade of Dante walking apart."

"And Shakspeare?"

"Oh, he always sits in state, in that large arm-chair, under his bust—and at his feet reclines the gentle Spenser. They never walk. Before that west window I have seen Shelley stand, in the clear moonlight, the water dripping from his hair, but the shadow and stain of life all washed from his spirit, and heaven lit up in his melancholy eyes,—and beside him, the pale, yearning face of Keats."

"And Byron?"

"Yes, I have once or twice caught a glimpse of his face. It seems still full of passion and unrest, as though the clouds of mortal strife and sorrow had not yet broken away."

"And Scott, does he ever come?"

"No, he was too intensely human and social to enjoy stalking about o' nights. You know he really never saw Melrose by moonlight. He would make a most uncomfortable ghost. But I have seen Milton, with his grand pathetic face, his great blank eyes from which the sight wandered off to the celestial worlds, and never returned;—and sometimes I have fancied poor Chatterton crouched in a dark corner, and have heard his desolate sobbing."

"There now, that will do, Cousin Philip!" exclaimed Vesta—"I declare you make my flesh creep. I shall never dare to enter this haunted room again after dark. Such a formidable troop of ghosts—and such illustrious ones too! No more 'an thou lovest me.' Ah, cousin mine, your imagination ran riot in the mental isolation of your life here. It was well you got

now lolling in some secure sanctuary somewhere, laughing at his baffled pursuers. But when Philip was helped up to his chamber, wincing at every step, he felt utterly content with his day.

Philip rapidly recovered from this hurt, and in a few days was able to take his usual walks, with the aid of a cane—which slight help he made haste to dispense with. During his convalescence, his cousin, Georgiana, felt shamed into paying him some kindly attentions, which were rather permitted than accepted, while a word of friendly inquiry, the slightest offer of assistance from Vesta Lancaster, sent a thrill of strange, passionate joy through his heart—a joy which he yet jealously guarded from all eyes, even hers. She at last believed him insensible or indifferent to the kindness and honor she had done him, by an act which to some degree compromised her by its singularity and publicity, drew upon her the rude railleries of her cousins, and the severe censure of her grandmamma.

"But never mind," she said to herself, "I acted from a genuine impulse of the heart, and according to the spirit of our old friendship, and I will not regret it now, though he does seem to have taken it in a singularly cool and matter-of-course way. Oh, these men! I am beginning to find them out already."

It was during this autumn that Vesta first saw her mother's uncle, Hugh Coniston, who came to the Hall, for a brief visit. She was charmed with the noble old man—recognizing by the freemasonry of the soul, all that was generous and chivalric in his character, and taking most kindly to his crotchets and eccentricities. Schemes and theories that to others were palpable absurdities, the vagaries of a diseased benevolence, she found based on a solid element, not alone of goodness, but of good sense. She listened with unfeigned interest, even with enthusiasm, to the minutest details of his plans for the benefit of his tenantry and retainers, and the education of their children. He owned some mines in Yorkshire, and was deeply interested in the miners and their families. He had found, he said, that the grimy depths in which toiled this race of human gnomes were but types of the spiritual darkness and degradation in which their neglected souls were groping. He visited them frequently—mingled with them freely—not as a master, not as a self-appointed missionary of the common "unco gude" type, not as a superior by nature, or divine grace—but simply as a man among men—a friend and fellow, who would gladly be a helper. The quarterly advent of the gruff but kindly old nabob, in their dismal, underground world, intent on giving happiness, "aid and comfort," followed as each visit was, with a hearty feast of good beef and ale—was better for them, than would have been the daily descent of a troop of tract-distributing angels of the Pardiggle order. He had none of the grimness of dissenting piety—none of the primness of established-churchism; he had, as they could see, "no religion to speak of"—only that kind which speaks for itself, in the silent eloquence of good works.

"A good religion for this life," I think I hear some evangelical reader admit:—and therefore, my friend for all life. This is God's world, as truly as the seventh heaven, and what is good for our little time, is good for his "eternal years."

But to return. When he had gained the confidence, the hearty, human liking of miners, tenants, and servants, the master became the teacher, the adviser. He instituted schools for their children, and looked carefully after their health, comfort and habits. His free schools were hardly after the usual style of such charities. They were but supplementary homes, improved, enlivened and enlightened, where the children were so happy as to forget that they were poor, and where they soon ceased to be ignorant. No formal reports were made out about them,—no solemn committees came to question, to organize, and gorgonize them—they were never degraded by an eleemosynary livery, gowns and pinafores of a pious primitive cut, knee-breeches of charity, and blue coats of *alms*. Yet the beneficence of Hugh Coniston was not bounded by his acres: it reached in many unsuspected ways to the wide out-side world—carrying joy and hope to many a desolate home—staying the falling brother, lifting the fainting sister, recovering the lost child.

Some of the ideas for the relief of the poor and the reclamation of the erring, which he advanced as peculiarly his own, Vesta recognized as the espousal thunder of various ponderous benevolent associations;—but she did not smile at his simplicity, or disturb his innocent egotism, by telling him that the projects he so modestly revealed to her in hours of loving confidence, had already been proclaimed to the world from Exeter Hall.

Vesta could not even see anything ridiculous in the four-in-hand turn-out of her uncle. She admired the spirit, resolution and persistence with which he had carried out the whimsical prescription of his medical adviser; and on his first playful invitation, trusted herself fearlessly to his bold charioteering.

In his turn, you may be sure the nabob was charmed with his grand-niece. A character so childlike yet so womanly, so poetic yet so practical, so spirited yet so tractable, so proud, yet so tender—he had never before known—at least, he said, in a tone which touched one like a sigh, or like tears—"Not for many years." She even bade fair to rival Amy Coniston in his favor and affection. Her youth did not seem alien to his kindly old age. Her fresh-heartedness, the sight of her bloom, the atmosphere of her hopeful, helpful spirit, warmed his heart and revivified its noblest energies and holiest human sympathies. He knew her better after all, than Philip, because he loved her freely, fearlessly and unselfishly—and such love ever brings with it insight the most clear and unerring, a divine understanding—it is the clairvoyance of the heart. As love is the native, divine atmosphere of every soul born out of the life of God, so He has made it impossible for us to see one another clearly through any other medium. Contempt, indifference, distrust, and hatred blur, darken and distort. Love in its utmost graciousness, only fills out the possibilities of the soul, and anticipates by a few cycles and degrees excellence and attainment. Idealization is, after all, only prophecy.

Vesta Lancaster not only drove out with her uncle, read to him, sung to him, and indulged in long *tête-a-têtes* with him—(golden head of youth, silvery head of age—who could say which was the most beautiful?)—but she set up her easel in the library, and took his portrait in crayons; and a very creditable work it was, "better than likely."

After so propitious a beginning, it was little wonder that their friendship grew and flourished mightily, and that when Philip Coniston made his next visit to Wytham Court, he found Miss Lancaster and her stately grandmamma established there on the footing of familiar guests.

It was during this visit that Philip first saw his cousin in general society, and saw that wherever she moved, she drew men's eyes, and, what was better, women's eyes, after her, in admiration and kindly liking. He could not do her or others the injustice to suppose that all this homage, spoken and unspoken, was given to her merely as the probable heiress of Lady Egerton, and the possible inheritor of Wytham Court. Vesta was, in the best sense of the term, a brilliant woman. She was mistress of that social magic called *tact*, but she used it innocently, generously. With admirable sense and a very pleasant humor, she had a piquant power of expression, which stirred the minds of those about her, and caused them to "bring forth treasures new and old." Her wit had a sparkling saline property, and freshened one up like a sea-breeze; while her faith in humanity, her aspiring and ardent spirit, so free from any taint of sentimentality, or mawkish romance, touched the worldliest heart with generous, long-forgotten enthusiasms.

But Vesta's success in society did not serve to draw Philip to her feet or even to her side, but rather increased his unhappy reserve. A wilful, unreasonable spirit of distrust and self-depreciation held entire possession of him—widening by imperceptible degrees the gulf which his own pride had set between him and the love of his generous boyhood.

Then, too, there was ever near the unpropitious fairy godmother, the sleepless dragoness, the grandest of grandmammas, less gracious even than of old, to the half-plebeian, wholly penniless dependent on the bounty of Sir Ralph Coniston. She now either treated him with that species of icy politeness which is the thinnest disguise of insolence the most offensive, or she overlooked him altogether. Sometimes she seemed to look clean through him, as though he had been transparent, and to have her vision filled with the young lord, or the rich commoner beyond him. But this is a kind of second sight by no means peculiar to elderly dowagers.—Fond mammas and charming young ladies are often gifted with it.

On the evening before Philip's return to Oxford, however, her ladyship changed her tactics, and in an after dinner conversation, graciously lowered herself to his level, and was affable, even engaging—all for a purpose, without doubt, and as Philip well knew, yet strangely enough, was caught in the snare. Her theme was Vesta; all she had done, sacrificed, endured for that child could not be told, or if told, would hardly be believed.

"Doubtless your ladyship will receive your reward," said Philip.

"I hope so, in a measure at least; but Vesta is so unreliable! If I ever see her well established in life, I shall be content."

Philip smiled, and the dowager continued:

"You have heard something, perhaps, of our little family arrangement with regard to Vesta?"

"I am not much in the family confidence—I cannot say that I am aware of any arrangement especially concerning her."

"No? Then perhaps I may as well inform you, as you will naturally feel some little interest in the matter: but remember, it is a family secret. Years ago a plan was formed between my son, Lord Edward Lancaster, and Sir Ralph Compton to unite our houses yet again, in the persons of Vesta and her Cousin Harold. You know that such arrangements are common in old aristocratic families. It saves a world of trouble. Cradle-betrothals are among the good old customs which should be preserved."

"And if I may be allowed the question, does Miss Lancaster consent to this 'little family arrangement?'" said Philip, with a bitter smile but with a tremble in his voice which all the fierce struggles of his pride could not control

"Why, yes,—we may say she does, for she does not object, and silence, especially with a young lady, is often consent of the most unequivocal kind. I apprehend no serious difficulty with her, for after all her whims and oddities, she is a girl of sense is Vesta, and under all her poetry and art, reforms and such stuff has her share of worldly wisdom. I do not think that she will refuse to marry her cousin, when the proper time shall arrive—unless, indeed, she can do better for herself—and she might look higher in point of rank, I confess—but in these days of mushroom nobility, a solid old Baronetcy is not to be despised."

"Oh, Vesta! Vesta!" exclaimed Philip to himself—"you are then like all the rest! Well, I wish you joy of your lord! My God! to what depths of duplicity and abjectness the noblest women will sink themselves for gold and a title!"

And so the absurd boy went on, feeding his jealous greed with the dainty "white-bait" of the Dowager's fibs and his own injurious doubts and accusations.

After a few moments of forced and exceedingly disjointed conversation, Philip rose and took a formal leave of Lady Egerton. The Dowager extended her hand to him—a white, cold, skinny hand, apparently only kept alive by the warm glow of the jewels with which it was loaded—and her small, gray eyes glittered upon his troubled face with a keen, searching, merciless look. He felt it *cut* down into his heart, like a surgeon's knife, and lay bare its foolish boyish secret. Even in that instant's time, the searching look gave place to a gleam of exultation and with it in a flash of reason came to Philip the thought that Vesta may not have objected to a certain "family arrangement," simply because she had not yet been informed of it. But this was too comfortable a hope for him to entertain in the savage mood he was then in—he buffeted it out of his mind as soon as possible, and with his "face set as a flint," walked across the drawing-room to where his cousin sat. She was at the piano—not playing, but merrily talking to her fond old uncle, and every now and then, lightly running her hand over the keys, the brilliant notes of the Erard sometimes leaping fountain-like in the pauses of thought—sometimes coming in as the echo of a musical laugh, a responsive gush and gurgle of melody, rippling off into silence.

She turned her head toward Philip as he approached, slowly and half unconsciously, and though she said nothing, there was a lambent light of welcome in her eyes, which ought to have cheered his heart and brightened his face—but it did not

"I have come to say good-night, Miss Lancaster," he said, abruptly, but in a formal, strange voice—"Good-night, and good-bye, for I leave for Oxford in the morning early, and shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Vesta was astonished, vexed and wounded by the cold, proud tone of her cousin—she was about to remonstrate with him, but her own pride restrained her, and she merely extended her hand, with a quiet "Good-bye!"

Philip held the hand for a moment, longing to raise it to his lips, for a pledge of allegiance, or a seal of renunciation, he scarcely knew which—but dropped it without any such imprudent demonstration, and seizing the hand of his uncle, pressed it warmly.

"Good-night, my dear boy, but not good-bye,—for I shall see you in the morning. I am an early bird, you know."

The kind old man was true to his word. He took an early breakfast with Philip, and accompanied him to his carriage, warmly shaking him by the hand all the way.

"I am glad that this is your last term," he said—"come directly here from Oxford, when all is over. I'll have your mother here to meet you—to congratulate, or console, as the case may be. God bless you!"

As the carriage rolled away from the door, Philip involuntarily looked back, and up to a certain window—and caught a glimpse of a parted curtain, and of a pale, sad face, which was instantly withdrawn. It was a vision which a ternately tortured and comforted him throughout his journey, and for many an hour after. (TO BE CONTINUED)

THERE is May in books forever,
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
May's in Chaucer, Thompson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if you will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather than, good weather!
And find us in the fields together.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

☞ Some people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships. "Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

☞ A fop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"To H——;" "Something Funny about Societies;" "My Home;" "Madeline."

CHURCH FAIRS.

We have received a communication from Mr. B. B. P., of Lincoln, Ill., relative to the Fairs held by the churches, from which we make the following extract:—

Getting somewhat old, and claiming the privilege of an old man, I will offer a few strictures on a recent editorial in your paper. In the number of the Post for April 24th, appears a very sensible and well written article on Lottery Swindles, with an earnest appeal to the clergy to raise their united voices against lotteries and every other species of gambling. Now, it appears to me that such a rebuke would come with an ill grace from the popular clergy of our country; when they are uniting with their members in holding religious fairs for the purpose of gain. And what are these fairs but gambling institutions on a small scale, and with ten fold enormity of guilt, because they are clothed with the sacred name of religion. A religious fair is a lottery in one sense; a large cake having a gold ring of trifling value is put in the cake, which being cut into from 20 to 30 pieces, and sold at from 50 cents to one dollar per slice, is a downright system of gambling; only one successful gambler can get the ring, and then gets but a poor equivalent for his investment;—could get as good at almost any shop for the same money. Dolls and other trumpery are sold at these fairs for 15 and 20 times their cost at toy stores. These things are winked at by editors and encouraged by clergymen, which, in my judgment, is a complete license for all the gambling institutions of our country.

We agree with our correspondent that things often are done at the fairs held to collect money for churches, that are much to be regretted. Those who make a profession of religion should not only avoid that which is evil in itself, but also even "the appearance of evil." Lotteries, raffles, and everything else, however trifling, into which the idea of gambling enters, are inconsistent, as it seems to us, with a high religious profession—and for churches and ministers to give them their countenance, in even the smallest degree, seems to us no insignificant error.

In relation to the sale of articles at high prices at Fairs, we do not see that it justly can be objected to, so long as no moral or religious compulsion is exerted to compel people to attend and buy. The design of a Fair is to raise money—and those who purchase are often pleased to give to the object contemplated, by paying a higher price for what they buy than its real value. If a man choose to give a dollar for a toy that he knows he could purchase elsewhere for one-fourth the amount, because the profits go to build a new church, what wrong is done any one by the transaction? We wish our correspondent would reconsider his judgment in this matter, in all fairness, and without prejudice. It does seem to us that he is a little captious in this respect. Human nature is a rather complex and somewhat curious affair. Men and women are but "children of a larger growth." They must often be allured and amused into what is strictly for their own good. Why, if we can raise five hundred dollars easily through the excitement and variety of a Fair—and could hardly raise the money at all in any other way—and it is for the good of the community that the amount should be raised—why not get up the Fair? Grant that it would be better if those having the means would calmly and soberly step forward and raise the needed sum by subscription—grant that there is something childlike and trifling in this holding of Fairs by churches—what do these admissions amount to, when it becomes a simple question of hold the Fair and raise the money, or hold no Fair and get no money? Really, so long as no false principle like that of gambling be allowed to contaminate the childlike innocence of the whole matter, we can see no objection to the practice.

And, further, is there not a possibility that human nature, which we have characterized as childlike in its action in this respect, is really more wise than some of us discreet ones, who plume ourselves upon our superiority to such nonsense, are willing to admit? The old proverb says that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Is not the love of amusement and excitement, shown in the getting-up and patronage of Fairs, childlike as it may seem, really a wise protest of our many-sided nature against the danger of gravity and sobriety settling into the rigid lines of austerity and gloom? One whom we all acknowledge as our Master, said that we must become like little children, if we would enter the kingdom. The lambs of the flock—why should they not show in some degree the sportiveness of lambs? And is not a Fair, properly conducted, promotive of much kind feeling, of much pleasant converse and intercourse? Is it not calculated to break down the partition walls between different members of the same church, of different degrees, and thus makes all feel more like "sisters" and "brothers" indeed?

Again, the members of our various religious sects, are prevented by their principles and their scruples from entering into many of the amusements of the world around them. Now, without suitable relaxation, life is too apt to grow monotonous and wearisome. If we lay down our mental burdens occasionally, they seem lighter when we again resume them—for the saddle that is never removed, must, sooner or later, begin to gall. In view of these facts, we should not like to utter anything calculated still further to abridge the pleasures of the members—especially the youthful ones—of our various religious denominations. While not finding for ourselves any particular amusement or enjoyment in Fairs of any kind, we remember that it is "a wide, wide world"—and the older we grow, the more tolerant we think we become of all that is not positively evil and hurtful. The way is hard to many—and though really short, it seems long to the weary. Who can forbid when they turn aside occasionally into bowers of solace and refreshment for a moment's respite, especially when he perceives that as they emerge therefrom, they take up anew their burdens with a fresher spirit and a more vigorous step?

THE POSITION OF FRANCE.

That the position of France is a cause of considerable uneasiness in Europe, is confessed on all sides. Louis Napoleon seems to be bent upon creating a navy equal to that of England, notwithstanding that his treasury yearly shows an increasing deficit, and the agricultural and business prosperity of France is not such as to warrant the laying of any fresh burdens upon it. The *Moniteur*, his official organ, said recently in its non-official columns:

"There are certain persons, who, in order to maintain uneasiness in the public mind, daily invent false news. Thus the Parisian correspondence of the Independence Belge pretends that great maritime armaments are being made in France. This is completely untrue. There has been no change made in the Budget prepared for the year 1858 and 1859."

But the *London Times* quotes from the *Moniteur* itself a statement that there is an increase in the Navy Budget for 1859, over that for 1858, of more than five and a-half millions of dollars. Now, inasmuch as a bankrupt treasury is generally the rock upon which the governments of France split, it is not likely that Louis Napoleon is increasing his military, and especially his naval, expenses without an object. And yet, as we have said, we cannot conceive that he is preparing for an invasion, at some propitious moment, of England, without the English themselves being fully aware of it. The instant any European power begins to increase its fleets and armies, its neighbors naturally take the alarm—and often demand the object of such increase. And therefore it is not very likely that the English statesmen would be caught napping in a matter of such immense importance to them. We think the results will prove that the French Emperor is looking in some other direction—after something that would pay better both in gold and glory. Of course, if he *could* succeed in capturing London—the Bank of England inclusive—it would be a magnificent "speculation." Why, the ransom of London—it might be put at something fabulous. But the probable end of such an attempt would be a disastrous repulse, a rising of the revolutionary elements of France, and another Napoleon on another rock of St Helena. Still, "nothing ventured nothing gained," may be again his motto, as the dice so often have turned up in his favor. As to his own declarations—if he has made such—that he has no designs against England, of course they would not be worth any more than his oath to support that Constitution which he so unscrupulously overthrew. Such characters as he naturally adopt Talleyrand's famous motto, that "words are given us to *conceal* our thoughts"—and all the infamy of a lie with such men consists in being found out before their actions have unveiled their plans. But as John Bull has held his own with Talleyrand and Metternich, it is not likely that he will be gulled by reposing too much confidence in the professions of Louis Napoleon.

OUTRAGES BY BRITISH STEAMERS.—Various American vessels report having been fired into by steamships belonging to the British Navy, on or near the coast of Cuba. The accounts—unless exaggerated or distorted—would show a serious want of sense and manners on the part of the British officers. But it is always well to hear both sides of a story before making up an opinion—even if one side be that of a foreigner. Our Government doubtless has, ere this, taken measures to bring this matter before the English officials. It is so clearly the interest of Great Britain not to injure or insult the United States, and the feeling expressed of late, has been so uniformly friendly on the part of the British people, that we have little doubt that any naval officer who is proved guilty of objectionable conduct, will be immediately reprimanded, and the proper apology given.

☞ A Sicilian barque which recently arrived at this port, is said to have brought among a cargo of oranges and lemons, a few thousands of an "improved" species of roaches. These roaches are said to be from two to three inches in length—of a dark-brown color; and a class of them called "scorpion-backs" crunch under the boot "like a remarkably tough egg-shell." We consider the officers of our port very remiss in not ordering the vessel in question into quarantine—for surely it has the vilest kind of a "plague" aboard.

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—The grasshopper visitation in Texas is really something very serious—and we trust it is not true that the Middle States are next to be ravaged by these locusts. The Texas "*True Issue*" says:—

We never witnessed a more gloomy prospect than Gonzales presents at this time. The last two crops have been almost total failures, and the present must necessarily be little better, unless the grasshoppers depart within a few weeks, so that another crop may be planted. A failure this season will well nigh ruin the country. Planters will be compelled to emigrate in order to find food and employment for their hands. Real estate has depreciated in price more than half—indeed, lands are not selling at all.

While the *Gonzales Inquirer* gives an idea in the following of the numbers of the destroyers:

One of our farmers last week caught upwards of one hundred pounds of grasshoppers in about three hours. He weighed one pound of the insects, counted them and found it contained twelve hundred and sixty, giving him in round numbers something like one hundred and thirty thousand grasshoppers, and yet he could not see that they had diminished in the least.

Another gentleman has been catching and weighing them for the last week, and at last accounts, caught something like *four* thousand pounds out of his garden.

In the old times, when the locusts used to ravage a people, it was generally considered a punishment *for* their sins. Was that view of the matter correct?

THE LIQUOR LAW.—In the case of various applications at Easton, in this State, for licenses under the liquor law passed by the last Legislature, the Court decided that the Legislature had *not* made it obligatory on them to grant a license to every applicant whose papers were in due form, without inquiry into the necessity of the house for the accommodation of the public. It is said that the position is based on the legal operation of a proviso in the sixth section of the new law, and also upon the argument that by the repeal of a repealing law the third section of the Act of 1834 was unexpectedly revived. It is generally considered at Easton a capital joke upon the Legislature—they having clearly intended to do what it is now said they have not done. What is law is always a doubtful question—and, as the proverb says, "Doubtful things are very uncertain."

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—We trust our readers will bear in mind the annual exhibition of new paintings, now open. A morning or afternoon can be very pleasantly spent at the Academy—though the better plan is to purchase a season ticket, and not attempt to do too much sight seeing at once. Among other pictures worthy of notice, are several by George C. Lambdin, a young artist whose paintings have attracted much attention at the recent exhibitions. "Reverie," and the "Child Knitting," have decided merit.

New Publications.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON, by E. J. TRELAWNEY, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is the title of a book already introduced to our readers by ample extracts. Its interest—which is undeniably great—is owing mainly to its subject. What reminiscence of Shelley and Byron could fail to be interesting? The reminiscence in this case, however, must be considered wholly valueless as fact, save where corroborated by the evidence of others. Conceit, braggadocio, and malice are so evident throughout the volume, particularly in its mention of Byron, that no one can rise from its perusal without a feeling of contempt for the author. Mr. Trelawney would have himself the central figure, and Shelley and Byron must walk diminished around the legs of their mighty guardian. Guide, philosopher, and friend to both the poets, any one would think Mr. Trelawney really was, did any one trust this record of Mr. Trelawney's meditations and meanderings, virtues and services, in which Shelley and Byron appear as accessory and illustrative figures. But it is in relation to Byron alone, that the record is especially odious. Its most prominent characteristic is the pertinacity with which Byron's faults are detailed—no excellence being mentioned except to deepen some bad trait by contrast. Now judging by Mr. Trelawney's exhibition of himself in this volume, we should say that he was just the person to provoke Byron's resentment by his arrogance and impudence, and we have not the slightest doubt that it is in petty revenge for past slights and snubbings that the poor fool now defames the poet's memory. Defamation it certainly is, and quite as certainly is Trelawney not only a tattling spy, but a malicious detractor, abusing Byron's kind confidence in his feeling as a friend and his honor as a gentleman. What Byron was, we all to a certain extent, know. Hitherto, in whatever prominence his vices, follies, and errors may have appeared, they have "stuck fiery off" on the foil of a nature sacred to sad respect by much that was generous and noble. But according to this carrion-vulture now battening on his fame, we must give up all we know of his excellencies, and conclude that he was entirely compounded of odious meanness and detestable littleness. Byron was "affected"—Byron was "vain"—Byron was "dawdling"—Byron was "lazy"—Byron was "cynical"—Byron was "savage"—Byron was "unjust and ungenerous"—Byron was "selfish"—Byron was a "shuffler" and an "equivocator"—Byron was a weak and empty "braggart"—Byron was a mean "miser"—Byron "treated women as beings devoid of soul or sense"—Byron was "careless of any wrongs but his own"—such are the features in the latest portrait of Byron by Trelawney. We do not, perhaps, fully realize how completely Mr. Trelawney is indebted to his fancy for these facts, nor do we fully perceive how small and base a creature he is, until we come upon his complacent narration of the closing scene. Byron died at Missolonghi. Mr. Trelawney entered the room where he lay in his coffin. He knew, he tells us, that Byron had left strict orders with his valet, Fletcher, that no one was to see his feet, which were carefully wrapped up in the shroud. But Mr. Trelawney was as determined as peeping Tom of Coventry, so he asked Fletcher to bring him a glass of water. Then comes the revelation:

"On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

"The great mystery was solved." It is unnecessary, of course, to waste a single word on the mean action which Mr. Trelawney so complacently boasts—but the reader who has thus far attended him in his narration, here wonders why the great mystery had never been solved before? Mr. Trelawney goes on to tell us how sedulously Lord Byron concealed his malformation with wide trowsers and padded boots, but then Mr. Trelawney had swam with Lord Byron frequently—he brags largely and loudly of his swimming matches with him—and the question that naturally occurs to the reader is—Do swimmers swim with wide trowsers and padded boots? Mr. Trelawney cannot answer affirmatively, because on page 134, he tells of swimming with Byron on the Tuscan coast, and says—"he (Byron) *stripped*, and went into the water, and so did I and my companion.—Before we got a mile out, Byron was sick," etc. Byron being "stripped," why did not Mr. Trelawney see his clubbed feet then? Why was not the great mystery solved then? On another occasion, Byron and he swam three miles to the yacht Bolivar and back. At this time Byron and he were swimming together for hours every day. Where were Mr. Trelawney's eyes? At Cephalonia, they bathed together every afternoon. No word from Mr. Trelawney about clubbed feet—no attempt made by Mr. Trelawney to solve the great mystery! A single downward glance on any of these occasions would have shown him all—but no—he refrained. Could the folly of lying any farther go? Was ever a falsehood more flimsy? Falstaff's tale of the men in buckram was not grosser in its demand on the credulity. We pity Trelawney when Byron lays hands on him on the other side of Styx! Meanwhile his clubbed feet story will show the reader how much dependence may be placed on anything he says.

The pleasantest part of the book is that relating to Shelley. But even here, Mr. Trelawney, who never loses an opportunity to disgust his readers, makes us sick with a loathsome account of the funeral obsequies of the poet. While Shelley's body was consuming on the pyre—our readers will remember that it was burned—Byron and Leigh Hunt, like men of decent sensibility, kept in the background, but Trelawney, like a coarse ghoul, must satisfy his ghastly curiosity with gloating on the corpse, and horrifies the heart of the reader with the hideous details of the cremation. Apart from this, what he says of Shelley is interesting, and being in agreement with what we hear from other sources, may therefore be trusted. It is another confirmation of the matchless nobleness of Shelley's character, that even this brazen fool softens into respect when he speaks of him. Great indeed must have been that recorded gentleness and humility which could leave unroused the insect spite of a Trelawney. The feeling of Browning's "Memorabilia" is the feeling one has for Trelawney in this relation.

"And did you then see Shelley plain?
And did he really speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?—
How strange it seems and new!

"But you were living before then—
And you are living after:
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter?

"I know a moor with a name of its own,
And a place in the world, no doubt—
Yet a single hand's-breadth shines alone
Midst the blank miles round about.

"For there I picked up on the heather—
And there I put within my breast—
A moulted feather—an eagle's feather—
Well, I forget the rest."

Mr. Trelawney has just this claim to consideration. The readers may pick up from him the eagle's feathers of one redeeming fact by which alone he is worthy to be remembered—his episode of intimacy with Shelley. Take away this, and he is nothing but the burly, beef-eating, bragging blockhead who wrote palpable lies about Byron, and foolishly printed them

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DISCOURSES ON PROPHECY. By JOHN G. WILSON, Minister of the Gospel. Philadelphia, 1857. We have read this volume of 336 pages, with a great deal of interest. Mr. Wilson is an able exponent of a certain school of Millenarians, who have examined with much moderation and discreetness, those promises and prophecies of the Scripture, upon which Millerism founded its hasty and unwise predictions. Unlike those who give the texts in question an exclusively spiritual interpretation, the Millenarians hold, that as one class of prophecies were fulfilled by the first coming of the Saviour in the flesh, so another class will be fulfilled in a similar manner, by the second coming of Christ in his spiritual and glorified body—that the saints, both those who "sleep" and those who are alive, will be raised and "changed in a moment," according to a literal interpretation of the language of the Apostle Paul, as well as of various other Scriptures, and that Christ will then descend with his saints to the earth, and reign with them as "priests and kings" over the multitudes of men, for the term of a thousand years—when the rest of the dead shall be raised, and shall receive the fitting punishment of their transgressions. Mr. Wilson's belief relative to the ultimate reconcilement and redemption of these latter—though he holds that they always will remain in an inferior and subordinate position—and thus, in one sense, be eternally punished—is, we believe, his own peculiar view, and not that of the school to which he belongs. The following brief summary of the doctrines enforced in his volume, will give our readers a still clearer idea of their character:—

The Discourses treat of the work of Redemption from its institution in the garden of Eden, on the fall of man, through all its stages, till Christ's triumph shall be complete over His foes, and the grand consummation shall be reached in the subjection and reconciliation of all to God. It is reasoned that the object of the present and preceding dispensations of grace is the redemption of all true believers in Christ from sin, and their preparation, by trial, for a condition of peculiar glory, dignity and pleasedness which will be conferred on them at the approaching termination of this age, when Christ will come personally, raise such of them as are dead in immortal, incorruptible and glorified bodies, change such of them as shall then be alive and remain on the earth to the same condition, and constitute them all Kings and Priests in His kingdom which He will establish under the whole heaven:—that the dominion of the world will be given to them and all the rest of mankind, through the different phases of the kingdom—all the dead being restored to life again—shall be subject to their government, under which they will be punished for their sins, and finally subdued and reconciled to God; so that, at last, every knee shall bow to Him, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

The following is a condensed statement of the leading characters of the view taken by the author of the plan of Redemption:

1. The Scriptures reveal the scheme of God's moral government over the world.

2. Adam was a representative man. His obedience under trial would have secured to him the Dominion of the world, and the life of all his race. And his obedient posterity would have been glorified with him, and the disobedient, excluded from that glory, would have been subjected to their government. The disobedience of Adam occasioned his deposition from the headship of the world, and involved himself and all his race in the penalty of death.

3. Jesus Christ is the second representative man, through whom, according to the provisions of grace, the original design will be restored and fulfilled in the justification and exaltation of all believers, who at the First resurrection will be made kings and priests with him: and in the condemnation and subjection of all the rest of mankind, who being restored to life again shall be under their government.

4. Prior to Christ's first advent in the flesh, a fair trial was given to man, to demonstrate whether it were practicable to qualify a nation in natural flesh, for the dominion of the world. The result of which shows that the government of the world cannot be intrusted to any nation or people in natural flesh.

5. The saints, embracing all believers in Christ from the fall of man to Christ's second advent, by the first resurrection and translation, shall be glorified with Christ at His coming, that they may reign with Him.

6. The second advent of Christ will be characterized by *two stages*; first, from the Holiest of all, where He now is, to the air; and, second, from the air to the earth; between which stages a trial of the nations will take place, having respect to their subjection to the kingdom of Israel under the coming Messiah.

7. At the second stage, Christ will judge and subdue the nations; introduce the Millenium, and reign as the Messiah on David's throne. After the Millenium a rebellion will ensue, ending in fiery consumption of the rebellious, and princely rewards for the faithful Millerians.

8. Then the unbelieving of all preceding dispensations will be raised from death, and punished for their sins, until they submit to His government and become reconciled to God.

9. The Saints will, in their condition of glory and blessedness, have an everlasting reward; and the unbelieving, in their condition of subjection and dishonor, will have an everlasting punishment; though they will be made obedient subjects of the Kingdom, and as happy as such a condition will allow.

10. When all shall thus be subjected and reconciled, according to the eternal purpose of God, the Son Himself, having completed the work of Mediation, having fully manifested the Father to all intelligences, will no longer need to appear as God the Father, but will be known as "subject to the Father," and "God shall be all in all."

The price of the "Discourses," bound in cloth, is *one dollar*. Address the author, 242 Hanover street, Kensington, Philadelphia, who, on receipt of the price, in current money or postage stamps, will send the book by mail or otherwise, postage or freight pre-paid.

OUR LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is a collection of prose and verse relating to the death of young children.

HUGH MILLER'S OLD RED SANDSTONE, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) his first geological work, and too well known to need any recommendation, is here presented in a new and enlarged edition.

CIPRINA, by G. W. M. REYNOLDS, THE IRON CROSS, by COBB, CHARLES RANSFORD, by CAPT. CHAMIER, and ROBERT OAKLANDS, by LEIGH RITCHIE, (T. B. Peterson,) are cheap blood-and-thunder and milk-and-water novels.

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—The vast swarms of grasshoppers which have been devastating the prairies of Texas, steered a north east course upon their departure thence, and as they rose to a great height from the ground, as though for a long journey, it is a melancholy conclusion that they are coming up this way. Myriads of them are now eating up vegetation in Ohio. It is, therefore, no very violent supposition that Pennsylvania, with a rather milder climate than Iowa, is not unlikely to be visited by them. These insects are not like the common grasshopper, which are every summer found in our fields and roads, but are of the size of a locust, with the same gregarious habits. The ordinary grasshopper is weak of wing, and never rises to a great height, whereas the legions which have so repeatedly desolated Utah and Texas, rise far into the upper air, and move off together to great distances, like wild geese. They appear in innumerable hosts, and instead of scattering, alight in a body upon some devoted locality, which they attack and destroy with the systematic movement of an army. They will thus eat up a crop of corn or cotton in a very short time. In Utah this plague visited the growing cereals with utter destruction as often as three times in one season, so that the afflicted Mormons were reduced to extremities for food. They seem now to have attacked our frontier States, and to be moving gradually into the body of the republic. The horrors of famine have never been felt in our country, and accustomed to which no one has ever looked, yet these grasshoppers are a terrible visitation to a region.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.—One of the tax collectors of California says that he found a Norwegian in El Dorado County, who made oath that his sole earthly taxable effects were a church and a school house. This singular individual is a poor miner, and has built the above mentioned establishments with his own hands, without aid from any one. His church is free for the use of any sect of religionists, except Mormons and Universalists. He has a mining claim which he has worked for five years; and whenever his diggings will average more than two dollars a day, he will go out into the highway, and coax some poor fellow to share the profit of his labors.

As a sign of popular opinion, we may notice the recent passage of a bill in the Kentucky Legislature, expressly prohibiting marriages between first cousins.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 180—Adults 89, and children 91.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

A Notable Trial—A Sunny Week—A General Scrubbing—A New Society—A Queer Subject.

London, April 23, 1858

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The main topic of interest here through the past week has been, as you will readily believe, the trial and acquittal of Dr. Bernard, accused by the Crown of England as an accessory to the political assassination of January last. The foolish vaporing of the French Colonels, and the blunders of Count Walewski, together with the intolerable pressure of the passport-nuisance, have put John Bull on his mettle; and so unwelcome would have been a verdict that should have rendered Bernard amenable to capital punishment, that it is tolerably certain it could not safely have been executed. Happily, the incompleteness and defectiveness of the evidence produced, left to the jury no other course than an acquittal: and the general feeling appears to be that the jury have returned a verdict which, however unpalatable to France, was strictly in harmony with the principles and requisitions of British law. That Bernard was a conspirator against the present detestable continental regime is clear; but the evidence adduced utterly fails to prove that he was an abettor of, or even privy to, the particular crime attributed to him. We have not only the dying testimony of Orsini, backed by his own emphatic assertion, to the fact of his ignorance of the plot in question, but many points brought forward in the course of the evidence—as, for instance, when asked "if he were going to Paris?" his replying, "No, not until *the other one* comes over here"—are regarded as affording strong proof that while busy in conspiring to effect a continental upheaving, he was yet innocent of any participation in this particular attempt to assassinate "the other one." As British law has no cognizance of general convictions, opinions, or tendencies, and British juries never decide upon constructions, implications, "public notoriety," and the other species of induction which enter so largely into the decisions of French jurisprudence, it is clear that no legal proof of guilt being brought forward against Bernard, the jury had nothing to do but to acquit him.

But though Bernard has really been let off from his dangerous position on a point of law, the very general interest created by this trial, arose, I need hardly say, from a deeply-rooted feeling in the public mind, that this attempt of the Government was dictated by a spirit of undue concession to the pressure of the French Cabinet, and a belief that if it succeeded, various other unwelcome demands would be made. It can hardly be denied, that the immense majority of the nation would have regarded Bernard's conviction as a danger and a disgrace to the country, even had his guilt been clearly proven in accordance with the law of the land: and many of those who are most intimately versed in the art of feeling the public pulse, are of opinion that had the jury found him guilty, and the sentence of death been pronounced in accordance with that finding, it would have been impossible to carry out the sentence. "There would have been a popular tumult, the like of which has not been seen in England for centuries," remarked to me one of the highest officers of the police, who had been present at the entire trial, from its commencement to its close, and was describing the excitement that had marked the closing scene. "I will not assert that we should have had a revolution, as so many have declared, but I have no hesitation in saying that there would have been an armed rescue, and that had the Government been compelled, by a verdict of an opposite character, to attempt the carrying-out of a sentence of death on Bernard, we should have had scenes of frightful violence, and probably a general rising throughout the country that would have compelled them to relinquish the attempt. Happily for us all, the verdict of the jury has relieved us of that danger; and such a shout as arose in the court when it was spoken, I never heard in the whole course of my forty-five years of public life! And not one shout only; but round after round of such hearty, vociferous 'hurrahs!' as did one's heart good! Ladies as well as men, were waving their handkerchiefs, while the men waved their hats, and shouted with the best of them. It was a perfectly unanimous outburst; every soul in the court, and the crowds outside gave it, with might and main! The judges were so taken aback by such an astounding manifestation, that they seemed dumb-foundered. We don't like assassination; and we believe that political assassination, especially, does more harm to the cause it is intended to support than to the party against whom it is exercised; but we don't like tyranny, and if foreign Governments drive people to desperation, we don't like them to call upon us to turn hangmen on their behalf. And we hope this acquittal will be a lesson to the Continent, and show that we are determined not to be made in any way subservient to such demands."

The same high authority informs me that so great was the anxiety at the Tuileries during the trial, that telegraphic messages were despatched by its agents every two hours while it lasted.

So intimately as Louis Napoleon knows England, he can hardly have looked for any other result. He ought to have known better than to have allowed the appearance of the absurd hectoring which has so deeply offended the English people, and which, by an inevitable reaction, has made them determined to refuse whatever concessions they might possibly have been willing to make, had this blunder not been committed. Just now, so indignant is public sentiment, that the Emperor and his position and policy (the two latter being necessarily connected to a degree which is perhaps scarcely understood and appreciated here) are judged with a severity which is, in the opinion of many who have had good opportunities of forming an unbiased opinion, far from just. But the Emperor, keen as he usually is, has made a blunder, and is reaping its consequences, in a self-inflicted addition to the many difficulties of a position so utterly anomalous as that of being an intimate ally of Great Britain, while holding his own land in a state of iron subjection and repression, which, however impossible French restlessness may render a different line of home-policy, is still in the highest degree odious and abominable in the eyes of that ally.

"What is to come of it all?" is the question asked by every one on this side of the Channel. A question which is unfortunately, much more easily asked than answered. Meantime, though exaggeration of feeling and statements is to be deprecated even when employed in the best cause, and though all reasonable people, on both sides of the Channel will regret that the current of circumstances should have called forth such a manifestation of opposing feeling between two nations, whose good understanding is so necessary to the peace and progress of the world, it is still refreshing to witness the sturdy decision with which the British people gathers itself up in uncompromising determination to keep sacred the old right of hospitality, and to show the world how truly, under the overlying diplomatic relations which are indispensable to social and national existence, the British heart preserves its detestation of the system of tyranny still rampant through the greater part of Europe, and of which Louis Napoleon, however much he may disapprove it theoretically, is still compelled, by the necessities of his position, to appear in the eyes of Europe as the corner-stone.

So lovely has the weather been for a week past, that "foggy Albion" looks as gay and as smiling as her more sunny neighbors of the South. Fires are dispensed with by common consent, (though frequently, nay generally, felt to be agreeable through the so-called summer months,) flowers are coming out rapidly, and ladies are sporting thin gowns and transparent bonnets with summer-like impunity. The greater portion of the aristocratic world being still absent at country-seats on the plea of "Easter holidays," the "cleaning" of their town dwellings is going on as usual at this season, with a vigor that gives a peculiar character to the aspect of the Belgravian, Tyburnian, and other "grandee" quarters of the town. Through all the windows you catch sight of servants of both sexes, armed with pails, mops, brushes and dusters; painters and window-cleaners are busy on the outside, ladders stick out through the doors, and brasses, door-steps, and lamp-glasses are undergoing the process of beautification at every turn. In another fortnight, the country, with its blossoming loveliness, will be abandoned, and the tyrannous splendors of the "London Season" will have inaugurated their six months' sway. Just now the only bit of fashionable gossip afloat is the report that Her Majesty and her newly-married daughter are alike engaged in an interesting race whose happy conclusions will be hailed with the roaring of cannon and other loyal demonstrations incident to these solemn occasions.

The usual Spring Exhibitions have just opened; one of these, under the patronage of Lady Eastlake and other lady-artists, is intended to afford to artists of the less-favored sex the opportunity of showing and disposing of their works. The existing art-societies, though they do not formally exclude the works of ladies, yet do virtually exclude them both from their annual exhibitions and from the consequent honors and emoluments which these exhibitions afford to men. Thus, the Royal Academy refuses by far the greater part of the productions of Female Artists sent in for exhibition, so that, to all practical purposes, the latter may be said to be excluded; the same remark is true of the Society of British Artists; while of the two great Water Color Societies, the Old Society has admitted the works of four ladies, and the New Society those of ten only. In none of these are female artists allowed any share in the facilities for selling their works, gratuitous study of the living model, pecuniary aid to travel with a view to the study of foreign galleries, atmospheric effects, life, and scenery, so freely afforded to the male members; they are not even invited to the annual banquet got up by their brethren in their own honor, and have no share either in the councils of the body, or in the "shillings" paid by an appreciating public for a sight of their works. Wherever women can freely share the advantages which men are too generally apt to reserve for themselves, it would evidently be unwise to sever the two sexes, so clearly designed by Heaven to work harmoniously together, each performing the share of every duty and pursuit to which its natural aptitudes call it; but where women are sedulously shut out from such co-operation, it may be fairly admitted that both right and duty justify them in setting up a centre for themselves. Such is the ground on which the new "Society of Female Artists" has been organized: and such the lack which it is intended to supply. Above five hundred works, in oils, water-colors, crayon, pen-drawing, wax, plaster, bronze and marble, are exhibited; and a much larger number would have appeared, had the room engaged been larger. The greater part of these, it must be confessed, are interesting rather as promises of future effort than as finished results; for the average attainments of lady-artists in England is still far below that of their sisters in Paris. Yet among them are many works of very respectable quality, and perhaps a couple of score that would be entitled to a place in the most exclusive gallery of the other sex. Many of the pictures are already sold, and many more will no doubt be disposed of before the close of the Exhibition.

While on the subject of Art I may just mention, as among "the signs of the times," (signs, however, which it is somewhat difficult to decypher!) the extent to which what is called "spirit-drawing" is going on here. The "table-turning" and "rappings," so much in vogue a few years ago, are now voted to be "low manifestations" in the "circles" which formerly patronized them, and "spirit-drawing" and "spirit-writing" are all "the go." Among a vast number of people of a high standing in the social and literary world, who are up to their eyes in this sort of work, but who prefer not to make too public a declaration of their "faits," are others, such as the entire Howitt family, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Colen, &c., who make no secret of their belief, and are busy every day in writing "spirit-messages," and executing "spirit-drawings." Of the latter I have seen several that are really remarkable; a few of them being extremely beautiful, while others are most weird and effective, full of a wild, imaginative poetry, extremely strange and original, and susceptible of striking allegorical explanation. Some of the most striking of these are done by persons who have never before attempted to draw, and who go through with the most difficult curves and involutions with astonishing rapidity and precision. In noting the existence of these curious things among people whom I have known intimately for many years, and believe to be utterly incapable of deceit, I beg to be understood as merely performing the office of a chronicler, and by no means as expressing any definite opinion as the "origin" of the "manifestations" in question, a point which, considering the talent, position, and antecedents of so many among their supporters on the one hand, and the discrepancies, improbabilities, and many monstrosities of these quasi-revelations on the other, may be fairly set down as among the most puzzling features of society at the present day.

QUANTUM.

Tale of Love.—An Old Wife in Search of her Young Husband.—About six months since an elderly lady of property, living in Brooklyn, N. Y., who bought her fashionable wares at a celebrated dry goods house in Broadway, New York, became enamored of a handsome young man who attends there. After many visits she decided to invite the young man to her magnificent house in the city of churches. She told him she wanted to see him on matters of gravest importance. He blushed, and more out of curiosity than admiration he consented to visit her. The young man was dazzled at the magnificence of the house to which he had been invited, and was entirely lost in conjecturing for what purpose he had been brought thither. The lady, after giving her guest some vinous refreshments, proceeded to narrate the fact of her long observation of his respectable conduct, adding that she had inquired of his employers and found him to be a highly moral and worthy young man—worthy of a better situation in society. She confessed that she had become enamored of him, not of course for his physical beauty, but for his moral worth, and finally wound up by offering him her hand in marriage. The lady was on the shady side of five and-forty, while the lover was not twenty-two summers old. The latter was in love, too, with a handsome young lady in the millinery department of the same establishment where he was employed. He finally refused, notwithstanding that she had some $30,000 which she could place in his hands. After several interviews, the widow gradually won the young man to her views, and finally he consented to and did marry her. After the marriage she refused to make over her real estate to her husband, and this displeased him. About a week ago the "Benedict" thought he would take a trip to the country, to see a few friends. His wife consented; but in a few days, he not returning, she concluded her bird had flown. She started in pursuit of him, and learned that the young lady had accompanied him in his flight. The old lady arrived in this city, and consulted with an experienced detective, who put her, after some inquiries, on the track of the guilty pair, who had gone further west. The wife says she is now prepared to give him full control of all her property, if he will but return alone to his home.—*Chicago Daily Union.*

A Rare Piece of Gossip.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Express relates the particulars of a love affair, which has created no little excitement in the diplomatic and fashionable circles of the national capital. It appears that an *attache* of the Spanish Embassy has long been an ardent admirer of the only daughter of a retired banker of Washington, but the prudent father, not relishing the idea of such an alliance for his daughter, forbade the Spanish cavalier his house. The cavalier wrote the banker a challenge, but could find no one to deliver it.

"On Tuesday night last the banker was dining with Mr. Slidell, who occupies the next house to his own on Lafayette Square. While partaking of Mr. Slidell's hospitality, his servant came in and informed him that two persons were hanging about his house in a suspicious manner. The banker, whom we will call Mr. C., requested his friend, Senator Bright, who was of the party, to accompany him, and proceeded with that gentleman to his own residence. As he entered the hall, he met his daughter in the hall, and proceeding to the picture gallery, which was lighted only by the hall lamp which shone through the doorway, he found a man snugly ensconced under the pianoforte. Seizing him by the collar, he dragged him from his hiding-place, and discovered him to be no less a personage than the Spanish *attache*. He discovered that the aforesaid Spaniard was armed with a six barrelled revolver, which he took from him, and then kicked him incontinently into the street. As he opened the door for this purpose, he discovered another person of the same 'tribe' lurking about the entrance."

Another letter in the same paper says that the young lady, afraid that her lover would shoot her father, took advantage of her father's absence at the dinner above mentioned, and requested him by note to come and see her, for the purpose of explanation. A challenge has since been sent, and refused by the father. The Secretary now hesitates, it is said, what to do—whether to shoot or what. The diplomatic corps are said to sympathize with the Spaniard almost unanimously.

Terrible Railroad Accident.—A frightful accident occurred on the morning of the 11th, at 6½ o'clock, on the New York Central Railroad, by the crushing of a bridge over the Sefnoit Creek, some three and a-half miles west of Utica, near Whitesboro'. Seven or eight persons are already dead, and five or six others are barely alive. The injured number forty or more.

The bridge was entirely rotten, several of the main beams on which the track was laid being found decayed all the way through. The accident occurred through the breaking of these timbers, by the weight of the two locomotives passing over the bridge at the same time. The greater portion of the heart of the wood is like so much punk, and the wonder is that the bridge had stood so long.

The smash was a most terrible one, and the ruins conveyed a vivid impression of the horrors of the disaster. Between the stone abutments of the bridge is a space of thirty-two feet; the ordinary length of a car is thirty-five feet, and the depth to the bottom of the creek is nine feet. Three entire cars lay lengthwise, crushed up like a telescope, between the abutments of the bridge—thus occupying a space of but little more than the length of one car. The first and second cars could not be distinguished one from the other. The third car was entirely demolished, excepting about one-third of the rear.

Several persons deposed to their knowledge of the rottenness of the bridge, and that an accident had been predicted. The railroad agents seem much to blame for not repairing the bridge in time.

Revival Crazy.—Daniel P. Caley was found in Rodnia Nutt's barn last Saturday night crazy. He belongs in Lowell, where he has worked steadily at the Appleton mills for twelve years, and accumulated a fair property. He left home last Wednesday, and by what means he came here his friends do not know. Lately he has been carried away with the revival. While here he was much impressed with the following unique expression, which is oft repeated:—"My breath is the breath of God; and when my breath leaves my body, the world will go to h—ll in a minute."—*Manchester Mirror.*

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Persia's advices are to May 1st:—

The news from India is interesting. Sir Hugh Rose invested Jhansi with three brigades on the 27th of March. The rebels, 12,000 strong, retired to the fort. On the next day the bombardment commenced. An attempt was made on the 1st of April, by 20,000 rebels to raise the siege, but they were defeated with the slaughter of 1,500, and the loss of all their guns and camp equipage. The town was stormed and taken on the 4th, and the fort occupied on the 6th, the rebels having 3,000 killed. Six British officers were killed. The Rajah escaped with a few attendants, and was hotly pursued.

General Roberts carried Kotah on the 20th, with a great slaughter of the rebels, the English loss being trifling.

The 37th regiment, under Col. Milman, had been compelled to retire from near Azimgur, and at last accounts was shut up at Azimghur. Strong detachments had gone to his relief.

The country opposite Benares was much disturbed. The northern provinces were quietly disarmed.

Calpee was filled with rebels, and a great panic was prevailing there. A strong column of troops had gone from Cawnpore into Oude, to attack Kawah.

The marriage of the King of Portugal to the Princess Stephanie, of Hohenzollern was celebrated by proxy at Berlin, on the 20th.

The Paris Moniteur publishes a decree ordering forty-two thousand additional soldiers into active service. The Bourse became heavy in consequence.

It appears from an advertisement for the sale of the late Madame Rachel's mansion, in the Rue Trudon, posted on all the walls of Paris, on the 24th, that Count Walewski, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has, in the forms admitted by French law, acknowledged himself to be the father of one of her children, who, with his Excellency's sanction, bears the name of Alexander Antoine Walewski.

The Egyptian steamer Suez, from Alexandria for Smyrna, has been totally lost near Jaffa. The master and several other persons perished.

It is said that great numbers of the Polish exiles are availing themselves of the Czar's amnesty and returning to their unfortunate country.

Another misfortune has befallen the French navy. The steamer Aigle has been wrecked on the Gabon. The officers are acquitted of all blame.

The *Kreuts Zeitung*, the organ of Prussian nobility and Toryism, has a curious article on the Bernard trial, in which it takes for granted that France will shortly rush into war for the purpose of propagating Imperialism, and, though hating assassination and revolution, it rejoices at the English resistance to French demands, and declares that it will be better for Europe if the France English alliance becomes less cordial.

The Moniteur (official) contains an article urging the giving of an indemnity to Prof. Morse. It says:—"No doubt the discovery of the principles upon which that system is founded does not belong to Mr. Morse, but he was the first to transfer that discovery from the region of speculative science into that of practical application. It is owing to his labors and to investigations, the honor of which is incontestably due to him, that electrical communication, which before his time was but a mere fact asserted by science, has become a reality, and one of the most useful acquisitions which our age has made, and has to bequeath to posterity. In almost all the countries where the electric telegraph is used, it is his apparatus which we find at work. Mr. Morse being unable, meanwhile, to obtain a patent for his invention in Europe, as in the United States, has thereby found himself deprived of the profits which he ought to have derived from the working of it, and which would have afforded him a legitimate recompense for his labors and his pecuniary sacrifices. It thence appears that it would be an injustice if all the countries which now profit by the application of his system should not now take this state of the case into their consideration, and directly grant to Mr. Morse a collective remuneration.

"The Emperor's government, thinking that such a request had a right to a sympathetic reception, has not hesitated to support it with the other governments which make use, as it does itself, of the Morse system. This measure has been received with the same feeling as that with which it was made. In Austria, in Belgium, in the Netherlands, in Piedmont, in Russia, in the States of the Holy See, in Sweden, in Tuscany and in Turkey, this apparatus is employed as it is in France; the governments of these different countries have adhered, then, to the proposal of the Emperor's government, to examine in what manner they could evince their gratitude to Mr. Morse; and it was in consequence of this generous determination that their representatives met together at the Foreign Office yesterday. Their first sitting gives us reason to believe that they will easily be enabled to agree upon a measure of remuneration, the honor of bestowing which will be shared by all the governments in whose generosity Mr. Morse has placed his confidence."

The *London Times* give the statement of a careful correspondent, showing the results of 151 of the suspensions (including five large banks) which occurred during the commercial crisis, with a total of liabilities to be met of £41,227 569, and on which the deficiency now appears to be about 19 per cent. Out of 52 London firms 16 appears to have paid, or to be about to pay, in full, while of the provincial houses the number that have attained this conclusion is only 9 out of 60. On an average it seems that the failures were for about £275,000 each; and supposing the creditors to each firm, apart from those which paid in full, to be 30, the number of houses inconvenienced would be 3,780, and the average ultimate loss of each would be about £2,000. Nearly one-third of the suspended houses in London have paid in full, and about one seventh in the provinces.

The Paris elections for the three vacant seats for Paris in the Corps Legislatoff, resulted as follows:—In the 6th arrondissement, M. Jules Favre, the Opposition candidate, 11,316 votes; M. Perrot, the Government candidate, 10,166. In the 5th arrondissement, M. Picard, (Opposition) 8,590; M. Eck, (Government) 8,973. In the 3rd arrondissement, M. Lionville, (Opposition) 7,329; General Perrot (Government) 10,766.

The Daily News says there is not the slightest doubt that if Lord Derby is defeated on any question of importance, he will dissolve Parliament.

Search of American Vessels—Great Excitement.—*New Orleans, May 13*—The U. S. steamer Empire City arrived at this port to-day from New York via Havana, and reports that the search of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, by British cruisers, still continued, added to which, the most downright insults were perpetrated. At Sagualla Grande the search of all vessels in port was also being prosecuted vigorously.

These apparently high-handed and unwarrantable proceedings, have created a wide-spread excitement and indignation in this city, and it is urged that the Federal authorities should take the matter in hand at once. As it is, vessels leaving this port for the Gulf, for some time to come, will feel under the necessity of going fully armed.

The excitement at New York among the shipping merchants is also considerable.

The Twiggs court martial has found the General guilty of insubordination, and recommended that he be reprimanded by the President. But in consideration of his distinguished services, and of the unanimous recommendation of the court, the sentence is remitted.

Extremely then caressed,
Rosy June—
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
And thy waters all in tune—
With thy gift of buds and bells
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild bird and the bee
On the blossom and the tree,
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee—
Rosy June.

☞ Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

☞ Lord Byron sensibly said—"Cleverness and cunning are incompatible. I never saw them united; the latter is the resource of the weak, and is only natural to them; children and fools are always cunning, but clever people never."

☞ It is the saying of a great man, that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves.

☞ A Woman's Answer.—A gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced that he was actually in want of five guineas. "I am glad to hear it," said she. "Is that your love for me?" he replied in a tone of despondency; "why are you glad?" "Because," answered she, "if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

☞ It is with the singing of a congregation as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the boughs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords.—*Beecher.*

☞ There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at the last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions and elements of time. It takes a good deal of time to eat or sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life.—*Emerson.*

☞ An unimaginative individual, on visiting the Falls of Niagara, was greatly perplexed at the astonishment expressed by his companions; and on one of them exclaiming to him—"Is it not a most wonderful fall?" replied, "Wonderful! no; I see nothing wonderful in it. Why, what's to hinder the water from falling?"

☞ A conscientious person affirms that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business!" This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each others' concerns.

A SPLENDID HORSE.

Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

—*Barry Cornwall.*

☞ A crowd in fine clothes is, of all mobs, the dullest. I can look undismayed on the many-headed monster, wild and rampant; but when the many-headed monster buys its hats in Bond Street, and has an eye-glass at each of its inquisitive eyes, I confess I take fright.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ Music is the Art of Prophets; it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to Flight.—*Martin Luther.*

☞ It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish), a peculiar bent and disposition to some peculiar character; and his struggle against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way, at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at least, be inconsiderable, probably ludicrous.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

☞ A Scotch Duchess was examining the children of one of her charity schools, when the teacher put the question—"What is the wife of a King called?" "A Queen," bawled out one of the scholars. "The wife of an Emperor?" "An Empress," was replied, with equal readiness. "Then what is the wife of a Duke called?" "A *Drake!*" exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title *Duke* for the biped *duck*, which they pronounced the same.

Accident on the Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad.—Cleveland, May 15—Last night, as the Cincinnati night express train, bound north, was crossing a bridge on the Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad, and twenty-two miles east of Lafayette, the structure gave way, and the whole train was precipitated into the water.

The disaster happened at 1 o'clock, the night being very dark. The high water had undermined the abutments of the bridge, and the train running at the rate of 25 miles per hour, had reached the end of the bridge, which was 100 feet long, when the structure gave way. The passengers fortunately escaped without serious injuries. The only persons killed were as follows:

Jacob Bustooger, engineer.
—— Maloney, fireman.
James Irvin, conductor.

A Converted Jewish Rabbi in Boston to Labor Among the Jews.—Mr. Buss, assistant secretary of the Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews, was present at the business men's prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel to-day, and gave an account of his conversion to Christianity. He had come to Boston to labor for a few years among the Jews of this city. In speaking the second time, he said that he had great hopes that Israel would soon be restored.

In his official capacity he had recently received a letter from England, giving an account of a meeting of Rabbis in that country to discuss the question whether Christ was the true Messiah. They had agreed if the Messiah did not come in fifteen years to accept Christ as the true Messiah.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Quiet Place.—A few days ago a gentlemen in conversation with some friends was praising Woodville, Miss., to the skies, and remarked, among other things, that it was the most quiet and peaceful place he ever saw—there was no quarreling nor rowdyism, nor fighting about the streets; if a gentleman insults another, he was quietly shot down, and that was the last of it.

NEWS ITEMS.

Don Fermin Ferrer, Ex-President of Nicaragua, was married on Saturday week to Miss Martha E. Winterbottom, daughter of the late John Winterbottom, Esq., of Ohio, and sister of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, at whose house the ceremony took place. Archbishop Hughes officiated.

The Utah Expedition.—Intelligence has been received from Col. Johnson, to the 10th of March, at which date the members of the expedition were all well. They were expecting, however, that the supply train would shortly be attacked. The army, it was stated, would not move forward until the arrival of the Peace Commissioners.

Maine is the State in which to get a divorce. The following law passed the last Legislature, and was signed by the Governor on the 27th of March. It is consequently now in full force: "Whenever a divorce from the bonds of matrimony has been decreed, either party may lawfully marry again."

News from Abroad.—Mr. Henry Drummond, a member of the British Parliament recently stated in a speech that "the Americans were now building ships as large as the Leviathan, not for their own use, but to sell, and not to the English." Looking at this fearful picture, Mr. Drummond asked, with alarm, what was to be done with the coast defences of England!

A Church Burner.—A man in Holmes county, Ohio, named Wallick, who for some years has been insane on religious subjects, took it into his head a few weeks ago that he was commissioned to burn down all the churches. Accordingly, on Thursday week he proceeded to set fire to the Lutheran and Methodist churches, but before much damage was done he found himself in jail. He is said to be at ll of the belief that the only salvation for the people is in getting out and burning the churches.

The marriage of young Hutchinson, of the American India Rubber Shoe Manufacturing Company, to the daughter of the Duchess of Montmorency and Luxemburg, has made a good deal of talk in the aristocratic circles of France. They do not deny that Mr. Hutchinson is an elegant and accomplished young man, or that he has not an immense fortune in hand and in prospective; they deem it a *mesalliance* which throws a stain upon one of the oldest and most honored names of France.

A short time since a barrel, containing the remains of a woman, was discovered at the Hudson River Depot, New York. It was traced by freight bills and books to Detroit, where it had been received over the railroad from Chicago, but there traces ceased. A man named Henry Imperts, a Prussian barber, has been arrested at Chicago for the murder of the woman, and he has confessed that the woman, having hung herself in his room, he cut up her body and shipped it east, not knowing how else to dispose of it.

Wealth of the United States.—The aggregate wealth of the United States amounts to $12,000,000,000, and the population is 24,000,000 souls. The wealth divided by the population gives $500 to each person, young and old; and counting five persons to each family, it would give the handsome little fortune of $2,500 to every family of the republic.

The great Pennsylvania dog, Prince, has been presented to Queen Victoria. His money value is estimated at 250 guineas. Such is his strength, that a man weighing over 200 pounds may spring on his back without causing him to flinch. He has been accustomed to carry a boy on his back; consequently he requires but little practice to make him a first-rate saddle-dog.

Interesting to Ladies.—The fashion runs now on straw bonnets and hats for ladies and children. English Dunstables, as well as Leghorns and Italian straws, have all advanced some 25 per cent. at New York in the wholesale price.

Another Escape for Mazzini.—"We are informed on good authority," says the "Northern Daily Press" "that had the Government succeeded in obtaining a conviction against Bernard, they intended to arrest and put Mazzini on his trial on a similar charge. So certain did the Government feel of getting a verdict in Bernard's case, that preparatory steps were taken before the trial was over to arrest Mazzini immediately the jury were discharged.—The jury's verdict of 'Not Guilty' destroyed this scheme."

The "Yearly Meeting of Friends," which has been held all the week, ended its sessions on the 14th. The attendance of members has been very large, and unusual interest has marked their proceedings.

North Carolina has now some 1,600 miles of railroad, and these works were begun when the State had not even an income of over $100,000.

Henry Ward Beecher intends spending a few weeks in Kansas during the coming summer.

A City Conquered by Grasshoppers.—"Everybody turned out—men, women and children, white and black—everybody, with 'fire and sword,' brushes and brooms, blankets and buckets, carried on the deadly conflict, but to no avail; the hoppers hopped on, and the defending forces were obliged to beat an inglorious retreat, leaving the barbarians in possession of the conquered city."—*Gonzales (Texas) Inquirer.*

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided that flour manufactured in the British North American Provinces, out of wheat the product of the United States, cannot be imported into the United States free of duty, not being imported in the same condition as when exported. Neither can such flour be imported into the United States free of duty, under the Reciprocity Treaty, as it is not an article of growth or produce in the said provinces, being manufactured of wheat produced in the United States.

As two of the three volunteer regiments are, according to the programme of Gen. Scott, at once needed to keep an open communication between Fort Leavenworth and Salt Lake City, an effort will be made next week in Congress to pass a bill for their support.

Election at St. Paul.—At the municipal election at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 4th, Norman W. Kittson, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, was elected by 243 majority over his opponent, Judge Sherburne. The people's candidates for Comptroller and Treasurer were elected, the latter by 602 the former by 90 majority. Of the five aldermen, three are Republicans. Whole number of votes cast, 3,351.

Systematic Giving.—In Brook's funeral sermon of Sir Henry Havelock, it is stated that "during twenty-three years in which he acted as a subaltern officer, he devoted one-tenth of his slender income to purposes of religious benevolence."

Louis Napoleon has completed his 50th year, having been born at the Tuileries, on the 20th of April, 1808.

Inquest on the Body of the Female Poisoner.—Chester, Orange county, N. Y., May 8.—An inquest was held yesterday by Coroner Fenton upon the body of Mrs. Phebe Westlake; verdict: "Death by taking arsenic." On Sunday morning last, the day previous to her death, she made a confession of administering poison to several others, and causing the death of two ladies, and the dangerous illness of several other persons. The persons dying were Mr. J. B Tuthill in September last, and Mrs. W. B Fuller in April of this year. A few days previous to taking poison herself, she presented a jar of preserves to Mrs. Chas. S. Tuthill, and some sugar to Mrs. Derrick, upon using which they were taken sick with symptoms of poison, which aroused suspicion, and the articles were immediately analyzed by Dr. Smith, and found to contain arsenic. The cause she assigned for taking poison was not to kill herself, but to make herself sick, in order to divert suspicion from her.

A WESTERN RAILROAD DREAM.

BY MRS. F. D. G.

"Corrupting the air with noisome smells" is an actionable nuisance.—See Blackstone, page 217, vol. 3, chap. 13—"Trespass," or "Private Wrongs."

Sitting in a railcar, flying on by steam,
Head against the casement, dreamed a curious dream;
Yet I could not think it all a thing ideal,
For though very monstrous it was very real.

First there came a gentleman in his patent leather,
Collar, bosom, wristbands, Raglan for the weather;
In the height of fashion, watch-key, hat and glove,
And with air professional, *spit* upon the stove.

Near him sat a parson, telling how the Lord
Sent the great revivals, blessed the preached word;
But my dream discovered he was not above
Honey-dew or fine-cut, spitting on the stove.

Next came in a trader, pockets full of cash,
Talked about the country going all to smash;
"'Twas the *women's dressing*, did the thing, *by Jove*,"
Sipped a little brandy, spit upon the stove.

Then a jolly farmer, bragging of his wheat,
Thought his hogs and horses nowhere could be beat;
"Like to sell his Durhams by the head or drove,"
Kept his jaws a wagging, spit upon the stove.

Paddy thought 'twas "quare like, to be sitting still,
All the whilst a goin' over bog and hill;"
"'Twas a glorious country sure," as he could prove,
Equal to his betters, spitting on the stove.

Witless, perfumed dandy, putting on his airs,
Flourished diamond breastpin, smoked in forward car;
Talked about Lamoreaux, "such a perfect love,"
Twirled a carrot moustache, spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat, wants to be a man,
Following example as the surest plan;
Watches gent and parson, copies every move,
And with Pat and trader, spits upon the stove.

Soon the flying railcar reeks with nauseous steam,
Ladies almost fainting, children in a scream;
Husband asking lady—"What's the matter, love?
Have a glass of water?" spits upon the stove.

On we go, still flying, not a breath of air,
Fit for Christian people, in that crowded car;
Sickening, fainting, dying, ladies make a move,
Gent throws up the window, spits upon the stove.

Now, perchance, this dreaming was not all a dream;
Think I've had a steaming, travelling by steam;
'Tis a public nuisance, any one can prove,
"All the air corrupting—spitting on the stove."

Talk of ladies' flounces, ribbons, jewels, flowers,
Crinolines and perfumes, gossip, idle hours;
Put all faults together, which men can't approve,
And they're not a match for—spitting on the stove.

—*Missouri Democrat.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Our journey to The New Country, as it was then called, did not afford us by any means what we expected. We found it fast filling in, but still only thinly settled. The Australians have no custom of grouping as the Americans have. They care but little for agriculture, seldom attempting to produce on an estate more grain than is needed for its own use; and as there is no severe weather, no snow or frost, beyond so much as suffices to inform the inhabitants that there are such things, the cattle pasture all the winter through on the finest of feed. The settler in Australia confines himself as much as possible to stock raising. His fine wool is a most profitable article of merchandise; and when his flocks become aged he fatters them, shears them for the last time, and hands them over to the boiling-down establishments, who turn them into tallow, &c. His herds again yield him butter, cheese, beef, hides, and tallow. About the period I am writing of, I recollect seeing in the Sydney Gazette a statement of the number of horned cattle, owned severally by four of the large stockholders. The smallest number was over nineteen thousand; the largest close to twenty-five thousand. In sheep, the property of some of them was even at that time still more surprising. There was one great wool grower, respecting whom I was told—but do not give it on my own authority—that he had considerably beyond a hundred thousand head. These stock farmers, of course, are obliged to make many stations one after the other in various parts, as they can find fresh tracts for the fresh requirements of their increasing flocks and herds. But even as to their home stations the Australians never congregate. The stations usually range from a mile apart to ten, fifteen or twenty.

Our journey led us through a great deal of country settled in this manner. The chief feature of the region, and its difference from that more on the sea-board, consisted in its prairies, or as they are there termed, plains. Between them and the prairies of North America there is no great diversity. They vary from two, three, five, ten, to about a hundred miles in diameter. The stations for the most part locate themselves on the edge of the woods, or at the point of some spur of timber that runs out into the plain. And in many instances the surface is so level, that the stock is not out of sight for days together. At these rural stations especially, the traveller is always expected with the setting sun. The isolated residents rejoice in obtaining the company of fresh guests. Their provisions are plentiful; the flock yield their same for couches (and a very soft and pleasant one, half a dozen such make), whilst the opossum (of a large species) trapped by the listless, wandering shepherd for amusement, as he follows his flock along by the woodside, furnish the materials for a blanket (or cloak, to use the phrase of the country,) of the most luxurious, furry softness. Sixty-three (9×7) of these skins are the stated complement for one blanket or cloak: when made it is large enough doubled to envelope a tall man completely beyond head and feet. As a bed and blanket in one, there is I suppose nothing on earth that surpasses it; whilst as a protection against a day's rain, it is as efficacious as the roof of a house.

Taken altogether, my journey was the most delightful recreation that had ever fallen to my lot. Yet even these fair, soothing solitudes were to present their memento of human weakness, guilt and woe. As one has said,

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."

One sultry evening as I drew toward the end of my day's journey across a rolling plain, and came round the base of a hill, a hurried flight and the cawing of a multitude of crows drew my attention. I was just coming upon a spot where three human figures hung gibbetted, slowly dangling in their fetters hither and thither, and round and round, in the faint light between me and the gloomy vermillion sky. As I drew near I could see that their flesh was black and sun baked: their garments hung in tatters: the horrible death they had died had given their heads a wry twist, and they seemed to be trying to look downward; a faint, greasy odor pervaded all the air. I walked round the grievous sight two or three times: more perhaps;—in short, till I could comprehend that they were once men, living, thinking, feeling, suffering like myself: had had, and perhaps still had, mothers, sisters, wives, whose lone, still counting of the years of their banishment had reached its utmost sum, and who now sitting by hedge row or hearth impatiently awaited tidings of their return.

The next day as I was going along a narrow path through the hills, with a black for my guide, he walking only four or five feet before me, I was suddenly checked by seeing him jump high from the ground and hurl his tomahawk downwards. There was one of the deadly copper colored snakes which he had not seen till he was actually over it. The tomahawk had entirely disabled it; it turned and bit itself; and watching it only about half a minute as it lay in the full light of the sun, we saw the skin change color for a space all round the bite of the size of a shilling. Had he not seen it, I should most probably have trodden on it and been smitten by its venom to the earth, for it is not likely that both of us would have missed it. But my own jeopardy affected me but little compared to the dismal, heart-rending spectacle of the evening before.

I journeyed on alike on the week day and the Sabbath. It used to be a common saying in the Colony—"There is no Sunday in the bush." As a matter of fact it was most true; I should say not more than one man in one hundred, if so many, paid any religious regard to it. I, of course, was among the ninety-nine. And yet the sublime character of the day often struck me from the poetical point of view. What a grand thing it would be, I thought, if one could take some stand that commanded a view of the progress of the sounds and scenes of the Sabbath day round the globe of the earth:—to hear the first faint matin song awaken almost like a plaint in desolate, chastised Jerusalem, and only from the temples of the pilgrim and the stranger; then swell into bolder pæan as it rolled along the snow-clad hills of Norway, and aroused the echoes of the Mediterranean shores; till arrived at the land of the Saxon and Celt, its million-voiced anthem rolled on a sea of sound to the very shores of heaven, and reached the ears of seraph and departed saint:—then once more, strains few and far between, but mellow and bold and sonorous, from God's worshippers stemming the main; and then the shout revived in the Saxon tongue vast and voluminous as before from the land, where not men only, but now nations are forming a commonwealth, till earth's great choral pæan—its one sole song on the one concentraneous theme—closed in the semi-barbaric chant of the giant Russ. More and more clear to me, speculatively it seemed, that religion after all was a world's matter—an every man's business; and therefore I, myself, the deluded, and not they in error, a world of fools. How indeed could I think otherwise, now that I had begun to think for myself?

But I even speculated further than this. "God," I said, quoting the Scripture words, "saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And God rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." But man will not rest. How is this? Is labor so much easier to man than it was to God? No! That cannot be it. Have we so much more to do than God? No! for every whit of our work, save the single article of saving the soul, has got to come to nought. But why did God rest? Because He saw that what He had done "was very good." Here is the point of divergence. Here is the reason why our minds do not travel on the same track as His. There is a secret whisper within us that our work is not done—that the six days' labor has left a something yet undone. Mysterious monitor speaking alike in the savage, unconscious of his fault, and the Bible-versed scholar! Let us reverse the supposition. Let us suppose a man who has taken for his six days' work, and faithfully pursued the object laid down for him by his Creator as the one great care. Will such an one be willing to rest? Why he is the very man and the only man who will! and he is the very man and the only man who can say that so far as his intent and his nonperfected ability went, his work "is very good," of the right sort, honestly and ardently executed. All this, I thought, does assuredly report most coherently for the Bible, most congeniously with it.

May I add a couple of the thoughts of later years? What an idiotic course it is to work one-seventh more than we need! When the Creator has said that we shall be as well off, aye, far better in the total process of life by working six days than by working seven, how exceedingly foolish to work seven! Does our Creator know how best or do we? Into whose hands will it fall in the end, ours or His, to cast up the account, and strike the balance of obedience and nonobedience, and declare what is coming to us? And is it possible that knowing as we do, that He has got the books in His hand, that He will do the reckoning not we ourselves—is it possible that any one of us can be so insensate as not to believe Him, when He tells us plainly that certain things will be put down against us, and swell the debit in the worst way?

Then again what solidity must it give to a human character to review its course at the intervals appointed and say respecting it, "very *good!*" What satisfaction, cheerfulness, encouragement, energy! Or, if it cannot say so, to be thus checked every little while, and cautioned of the prevalent error of its temperament, and held harmless for the loss of time whilst it takes the matter into consideration and re-projects its course; and this on the sacred and inviolable guarantee of a divine pledge. We must be blind indeed not to see such great truths as these, they lying scattered in our very path.

Does the reader wonder that I walked on an unsuccessful, discontented man. I do not. It could not have been otherwise, God being benevolent. For Him to have ordained me success, would have been to give me over to ruin. What should I have thought of amidst a pleasant lot? Only the pleasures of that lot. My mind would certainly not have forsaken the pleasant for the painful; the delicious fruits of sin for the bitter herbs of repentance. How wise is God! How every act of His will bear investigation!

Tired of trying to find work, I faced toward Bathurst, across an almost unoccupied country; always assured of the plentiful and healthful meal at morning and night, with sheepskins and a fur cloak for repose. I did not hurry myself; often laid down under a shady tree, by a welcome spring, or on the fresh and brilliant green sward of soft-sloping banks, rich in fair, unknown flowers; whilst there glided on beside me the river, clear, and still, and limpid, through mountain-walled plains all verdant, level as a garden; their long avenues between the hills, varied here and there by clusters of acacia trees prodigal of plumy blossoms; like "bowers of the blessed," forsaken of their inhabitants; beauteous beyond depicting, but tenantless, lone, sad as the glades of Eden, when the faithful pair had departed to begin their age of woe. Utterly bewildered was my whole nature at this time. I knew, I felt, I longed; but all to no end. Now I admired this, now preferred that. To-day I believed; the next day doubted; my whole conscious intelligent being one wide shifting sand; not a single foot of solid surface throughout it where the immortal Ego could rest, and say on this will I build my home.

Bathurst proved no more auspicious to me than "The New Country." I had no knowledge of either agriculture or stock farming. The town was a genteel little settlement, a very varied plain and mountain landscape surrounding it. Some of the farms had many miles of fence on them, chiefly three, four and five rail fences of split stuff, with posts of the same, half-a-rod apart.

From this district I turned across the Blue Mountains, once more facing toward Sydney. Cloud-capped mountain ridges, stupendous ravines, fire-scathed rock-ruins, where one could fancy that the old Titans had their forges; but the features of this remarkable district neither pen nor pencil will ever do justice to. To be conceived, it must be seen.

As I passed through it, I heard of an incident very significant of the locality of its occurrence. A settler in one of the wild dells had become very rich in stock in a very short period. Everybody wondered at and admired his good luck. He had originally been a convict, but still no suspicion of present predatory habits gathered around him. He was well looked upon by the gentry; was always about; and apparently of a most open, candid character. At length, by mere accident, some sheep of another settler's brand were found in one of his flocks. This led to further discoveries, and these to others more damnatory still. And eventually it was proved that he had been in the habit of making his way through the wild gorges of the mountains, through which he could travel as no other white man could, to distant parts of the country; from which, on his return, he would bring fifty or a hundred ewes, stolen by night from some settler's pen, or craftily cut off from the rest of the flock by a trained dog, as they fed, scattered about on their run. Almost his whole stock was claimed by the owners, one after another, and he was sent to a distant penal settlement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BYRON'S TRELAWNY-FICATION.

Poor Byron, in life, had an intimate friend;
He told him his secrets, he read him his songs;
And he trusted, that, when he should come to his end,
Trelawny would shelter his ashes from wrongs.

In this friend of his bosom he trusted—and died—
'Neath the sky of the stranger—neglected and lone.
And his friend from the corpse drew the cerements aside,
To count every sore and to measure each bone.

Of deformities hidden, of sores never told,
His friend gained the sight by the shroud thus uplifted;
For, of all that the world will the soonest pay gold,
There is nothing so relished as scorn of the gifted.

The scorn makes a book—and the secrets are known!
The bard so immortal was pitiful, even!
But, hereafter, the gifted will pray, with a groan,
From Trelawny-fication, deliver us, Heaven!

—*Home Journal.*

INFLUENCE OF THE PIANO.—The real secret of the increase of vocal culture, allowing for all other motives, is in the universal dissemination of the piano. Women and men have learned to sing alone, and not in classes, as formerly. A piano in a house always developes one or two independent singers. They learn to sing songs, and the learning to sing acceptably two or three songs really involves more training, and culture, and vocal development, than the maintenance of an undisputed place in an old fashioned chair of twenty years. This independent musical education becomes the very best possible preparation for the choir; and if the best choirs in New England will trace back the history of their best and most reliable elements, they will find them conquering difficulties singly at the side of the piano. The church may suspect, sometimes, that there is a great waste of effort on frivolous music, but the fact is, that this very music has contributed indirectly to elevate church music more than all other causes put together.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

(THE MAY FLOWER.)

Darlings of the forest
Blossoming alone,
When earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone,—
Ere the last snow drift melts, your tender buds have flown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
E'en as childhood sleeps in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south-wind sighs, but dares not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew—
Starlight unimpassioned—
Dawn's most tender hue?
And scented by the winds that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lovely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only—
Veiled from nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of art.

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And lie in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

EVERYTHING AFTER ITS KIND.

Everything after its kind, is the unchanging law which pervades the organic world. Although, from its being constantly before our eyes, we pay it little heed, its absolute sway over every particle of created matter is one of the chief wonders of science. We are accustomed to mark the laws of the chemical affinity which produces many changes of shape and color; but we are apt to pass over, unnoticed, the power of self-preservation which resists the disturbing force of chemical attraction, and urges all the particles of a crystal, for example, to adhere firmly together in one definite form. Divide it as you will, grind it to the finest powder, mix with it a thousand other substances, and then, by dissolving it in water, allow its innate power to act, and as the water evaporates, the crystal will be formed again, ever and always in the same mathematical figure which it had before. Nay, more; break off a portion, and so mar the beauty of its form; when it meets with its kind in solution, the loss is repaired, and the figure of the crystal is made perfect again, before any increase of its size takes place.

Why sulphate of potash should always assume the form of six-sided prisms, and bicarbonate of potass that of eight-sided prisms, we, of course, do not know, any more than we know the full reason of anything else. But it is certain that every substance in the created world does manifest a tendency to keep itself uninjured, and to assume the most perfect form of which it is susceptible—always after its kind. From the smallest crystal which the microscope can show us, to the most perfected of created beings—man himself—the same absolute individuality is present.

A pure crystal will never assume a figure not its own, any more than will an acorn grow up into an ash-tree, or a bird spring from a quadruped. There would seem to be no difference in the nature of the power; but as we ascend in the scale of created beings, it is very much more clearly and beautifully manifested. What is more wonderful, when we consider it rightly, than to contrast the development of an acorn and a chestnut? They do not seem to differ much, except in shape. They are both put into the same ground; they are both exposed to the same influences, and the same materials are offered to them both. The acorn seizes on these materials, and by the life that is in it, moulds them into an oak tree similar in form and size to its parent; similar also in the length of time through which it must pass before it arrives at maturity, subject to the same diseases, and destined to die at about the same age as the tree from which it sprung. Yet, not to die until it has transmitted to its ripened fruit a portion of the same energy by which it also may run the same course. The chestnut also absorbs into itself the same materials as did the acorn. But the energy at work is utterly different, and it moulds them into a tree of another kind. The one takes the dust of the earth, and makes of it an oak; the other takes the same dust and makes of it a chestnut tree. Call this power life, organic force, rational creative force, or germ-power, we do not understand it by one name better than by another. We only know that every varied form in nature is the exponent or outward manifestation of a separate perfectly distinct force; the great law of these powers being their complete individuality, each "after its kind."

There have been learned men who, in tracing the ascent from the lower forms of animated nature to the higher, have endeavored to prove that each grade might be made, by cultivation, and under favorable circumstances, to attain to the excellences of the grade above it. They have almost implied the possibility of getting a monkeys great toes to expand into thumbs, and gradually to develope him into a man. But this doctrine is utterly unsupported by facts.—There is always manifested by the germ-power a striving after perfection, an untiring effort to cast out any disturbing or contaminating influence, but always strictly "after its kind;" not to attain to the excellencies of another race.

If a part of the body of an animal be destroyed, there will be an effort to repair the loss.—And it seems that the more the energy of the germ-power is exhausted in perfecting the development of an animal, the less is it able to re-produce the parts of the body which may have been accidentally lost. In man, a broken bone will be united by new bone, and a few other parts will be repaired by new substance. But if his leg be amputated, he must be content with an artificial one. A lobster, however, will not mourn the loss of his claw for the rest of his life, for another claw will grow; and if you cut a worm in half, as every schoolboy knows, both parts will live. Still, however active the vital energy may be, the law is inviolate. Each individual repeats exactly its parent form, passes through the same transitions, from one stage of development to another, runs the same course, attains to about the same size, lives to about the same age; then, having in its turn transmitted to other individuals the same unchangeable germ-power, dies.

One of the best known instances of the almost unextinguishable vitality of germ-power is witnessed in the Hydra viridis. It would almost seem that any little bit that has once been alive, has the power of re-producing a perfect animal. Trembley the naturalist, cut a Hydra into four pieces. Each became a perfect Hydra. He cut up these, while they were growing, with the same result, until from one Hydra he had obtained fifty, all complete, and all capable of multiplying by gemmation in the natural way. But more extraordinary still was the result of splitting one into seven parts, leaving them connected by the tail. The Hydra became seven-headed, and Trembley saw them all eating at the same time. He cut off the seven heads, and, Hydra-like, they sprang forth again. "Even the fabulist dared not invent such a prodigy as the naturalist now saw. The heads of the Lernæan Hydra perished after excision; the heads of this Hydra grow for themselves bodies, and multiplied with as much vigor as their parent trunk."

Probably this power of re-producing a perfect animal from a small part of one, is one of the methods by which creatures so endowed preserve their race from being destroyed by the animals who feed upon them. When one of the brittle star-fishes breaks itself to pieces, it disappoints the naturalist who is seeking for specimens. But nothing can be more satisfactory to a creature about to be devoured by a ravenous enemy, than to break off a little bit for him, and then spring up again, not one individual, but a dozen.

This power of multiplication is confined to those creatures whose structure is comparatively very simple. In the higher forms the germ-power is expended in the development.—In man it is only equal to the preservation of the integrity of the body, and not to the re-production of any large part that may be lost. But the process of repair illustrates very beautifully the manner in which the germ-power communicates, to every particle of matter, its own characteristic life. In the healing of a large open wound, the first step is the effusion of a semi-fluid substance, consisting of layers of minute cells, from which are to be produced granulations; that is, small round projections which grow up to replace the loss of substance which the disease has occasioned. To form these, it is necessary that blood-vessels should be sent into the cellular substance, which are thus formed. On the side of a blood-vessel lying under the cells, a small swelling or pouch is observed to protrude, which gradually elongates itself in a curved direction. A little further on, a similar pouch is seen, which also elongates itself, and directs its course unerringly to meet its fellow. At the crown of the arch they unite, the partition wall at their closed ends clears away, and a perfect arched tube is formed, through which the blood flows. From the crown of two adjacent arches, similar outgrowing pouches arise, converge, unite; and in this way granulations are supplied with blood. The wonder of this process is: how, in a day, a hundred or more of these fine loops of membranous tube less than one thousandth of an inch in diameter, should be upraised, not by any force of pressure, but each by a living growth and development.

Suppose one of these outgrowing blood-vessels should be injured and should burst. The minute blood-globules will escape and lie in a confused mass! But only for a short time.—These little globules of blood are alive; and, by their own in-dwelling energy they will arrange themselves in the line which the vessel should have taken, channelling out a way for themselves, through the granulation cells, until a membranous wall is formed around them, and the arch is completed as before. We see, in this instance, a characteristic of the animated germ, that it is diffused through many parts, causing them to concur in the right time and measure to the attainment of the perfect design. An animal is not developed as a tree grows; but all the parts—the blood and the vessels in which it is to flow, the nerves and muscles, as well as the different limbs of the body—are being formed at the same time; creative energy presiding over every part, and causing them all to combine in one harmonious development.

In the repair of injuries, not only is the loss supplied by the right material, but the new tissue is always of the same age as that which it replaces. The skin of an adult will not be replaced by the delicate skin of an infant. In the reproduction of the foot of a lizard it grows at once into the full dimensions of the part, according to the age of the animal. And Spallanzani mentions that when a salamander's leg is removed, the new limb will be developed in form and structure, like the larvæ; but as to size, it will, from the beginning, be developed to the full proportions of the animal.

As no amount of cultivation, or any combination of favorable circumstances will ever do more than produce a perfect individual of its own species, and never develope it in any characteristic of a superior class; so, with regard to the instincts and dispositions of animals, the same law prevails. You may, indeed, tame one individual of any race, as a lion or a bear, and make him know his master, and be gentle and obedient to him. But, turn the lion into his native forest again, and let the pangs of hunger awaken his natural disposition, and the woods will once more resound with his roar, and he obey the dictates of his appetite as unscrupulously as ever. Even if an individual could be changed in these respects, the change would not be transmitted to his offspring. The lion's cube would be as genuine lions as though their parent had never left his African home.

The natural temper of a horse is quite different: however wild he may be, he is not fierce. "When an American hunter wishes for a steed, he merely rides into a troop of wild horses, flings his lasso over one of them, mounts him, and allows him to fly over the plain until he has fairly fatigued himself; then, without care, without instruction, in defiance of all the laws of habit, he is found perfectly quiet and manageable, and ever after continues so." We shall find the same thing true with respect to all domesticated animals. They have been originally tamed from their state of wild freedom, but no change has been effected in their nature. The most striking instance of altered habits is presented in the dog, if he indeed be a domesticated wolf. The similarity between the animals is very great; their skeletons being almost exactly uniform; both are born blind, and both first see the light on the tenth or twelfth day. Their average length of life also is the same. But, if they be blood relations, we do not find any new nature in the dog; for his wild cousin will, under proper treatment, manifest as much gentleness and affection as himself. M. Cuvier has recorded the history of a pet wolf, which, after eighteen months of absence, heard his master's voice in the crowd who were visiting the place of his confinement, and instantly recognized him with extravagant demonstrations of joy. He was again parted from his master, and was wretched. A dog was given him as a companion, and they lived happily together. But once again the old familiar tone was heard, the faithful wolf rushed to his master, licked his face, and uttered such cries of joy, that the spectators were affected to tears.

HORSE TAMING.

The art of subduing horses of vicious and ungovernable dispositions, has assumed an importance only commensurate to its great utility. The wonderful success of our countryman, Mr. Rarey, in England and France, has created a great excitement, and a consequent desire to be informed of the method by which these astonishing results are achieved. I am more particularly induced to revert to this subject, from the fact that numerous recipes have been published in New England papers, professing to be the method by which Mr. Rarey subjugates and has acquired so much control over the horse. One of the receipes is as follows:—"Take the grated horse-castor or wart, which grows on the inside of the horse's legs, put it on an apple or other enticing substance, and let him eat it; then rub a few drops of the oils *Cumin* and *Rhodium* upon his nose."

It is stated that these drugs possess some potent charm by which the animal is rendered oblivious to his vicious propensities, and his disposition radically changed to that of subservience, docility and implicit obedience to the mandates of his conqueror. In response to which I unreservedly assert that no such result is produced. The horse castor exhales an extremely pungent ammoniacal effluvium. The oil of Cumin is manufactured from the seed of the same name, and in smell somewhat resembles turpentine; it is very persistent, and will volatilize its strong odor without any perceptible diminution, for several days. The oil of Rhodium takes its name from the island of Rhodes, or roses. It is procured by maceration from rose leaves, and has a very agreeable and powerful aroma. The use of the drugs in subduing an ungovernable animal is quite limited. Their powerful smells serve to attract his attention for a few moments, and in this manner, may possibly prove auxiliary to subsequent operations in ameliorating his incorrigible temper.

It is a fact, authentic beyond all cavilling, that horses imbued with the most intelligence and qualities of endurance, are generally the most stubborn and implacable; hence, the inestimable value of some process by which they may be reduced to domestication and consequent utility. The plan pursued by Mr. Rarey and myself produces this result, and therefore its importance. No horse will submit to man unless convinced of his superiority. To obtain this supremacy in ordinary cases requires no skill, but where the animal is head strong and obstinate, the matter assumes a more formidable aspect, and defies the orthodox means by which success has been realized.

The obdurate horse, then, must be vanquished in a trial of strength, he must be placed in such a position that all his efforts and struggles at resistance shall be skillfully encountered, and rendered futile. This accomplished, the horse becomes a slave, and only as such, is he useful. In this lies the whole secret of horse taming. It requires nothing but confidence, fearlessness, and patience and perseverance in the operator to perform what appears to be almost miraculous. The time required to conquer the horse varies with the animal's disposition, from fifteen minutes to three hours, and in a few isolated cases, it is necessary to repeat the operation. In general it is quickly and noiselessly accomplished, but at times the struggle is severe and protracted, but success invariably eventuates; during the period I have imparted instructions in horse training I have had several very vicious animals subjected to my treatment, which I have in no instance failed to conquer.

I am not at liberty to give the details of my practice, as it would interfere with my pecuniary interests. The secret has been known to a few horse-trainers in this country for many years. And in the elementary operation pursued in gentling the horse for the uses of the amphitheatre and hippo dramatic performances, it has always been regarded as a great secret, and only imparted by professional horsemen under the seal of secrecy, and for a large remuneration. Mr. Rarey is not the originator, but his familiarity with the horse has developed in him a superiority and skill, which the amateur cannot realize. In conclusion, I would remark that any man that can handle a horse, can effectually operate my method of subduing him. Yours, respectfully,

CALEB H. RANY, *in New England Farmer*
New York, 1858.

☞ "A very charming and winsome object is a Chinese woman eating. Our pretty messmates helped themselves, with the ends of their chop-sticks, from the dishes spread upon the table, to a Nankin jujube, a bit of ginger, or of water-lily confection, and carried it to their lips with a mincing delicacy of movement, which made them look like pet birds being fed, a beak full at a time."—*Dr. Yeam.*

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Are you sleeping—are you dreaming; are you dreaming, love, of me?
Or are you waking, thinking of your sailor on the sea?
Of the day we roamed by Athol woods—your hand that locked in mine—
Of our day of happy, happy tryst on old Saint Valentine?

Oh, Marion, oh, Marion, the gale *is* piping loud,
And the billows leap to mountains, and the foam lies like a shroud;
Far, far from land, alone I stand, to watch till it be day,
Mid the rolling of the thunder, and the dashing of the spray.

Sleep, sleep, my Marion—sleep and dream, my beautiful—mine own!
Sleep is the orphan's silent land, and thou, love, art alone:
Sleep, till the swelling branches bend into an arching dome;
Sleep, till the quiet leaves steal out to call the young birds home

It is night, and storm, and darkness, Marion; flashing from the sky
Darts the fitful, lurid lightning, like a threat of God's great eye;
But dream thou 'tis the Norland gleam, the harmless Norland light
He sends but as the herald of the glory of his might!

Bless God, my darling, for the gift he dealeth unto thee,
Amid thy calm and sunny bowers, soft dreams of the wild sea;
And to me, whose glimpses of the land are beautiful as brief,
To me, the storm-tossed mariner, the love of the green leaf!

Oh, doubly sweet my thoughts of thee upon the surging main,
And doubly dear the day shall dawn that brings me back again;
When I tread your cottage-garden—pluck the wild-flower from the wall—
With my arm around my Marion's neck—the sweetest flower of all!

Blow, blow, ye winds! blow fierce and strong! the heavens your breath command;
I care not, I, how fiercely, so ye blow to mine own loved land:
In the roar of the mighty waters my spirit shall rejoice,
So they drown not the glad music of my Marion's welcome voice.

'Tis by Athol that she slumbers—'tis by Athol that she strays;
Oh, wait me, heavens! to Athol in the spring of the young days:
There once more my steps shall wander—with thy hand fast locked in mine—
By Athol woods, with thee, my Marion, on the old Saint Valentine!

E. L. H.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The interest in Hume, the American medium, has recently been revived by a singular incident, which I will relate to you. A few evenings since a select company of Russians and Parisians were assembled at Madame la Comtesse de T———'s. The conversation was on spiritual manifestations, when M. Hume entered.—Then followed a serious discussion regarding the manifestations of spirits—if it were possible to obtain from them useful service, salutary information, counsel, advice, or even recompense or chastisement. M. Hume declared that these manifestations permitted by Supreme Power could not be considered as frivolous experience by any one in possession of reason; that he had never known of a spiritual manifestation which had not produced good results; and he was convinced that the Supreme Power often employed such supernatural agency to punish the sins of men. This assertion quieted the objections of some, but was received with credulity by many of the company.

Suddenly M. Hume arose from the couch on which he was seated, and said—

"Madame la Comtesse, you are expecting a visit this evening from a stranger."

"It is true," replied Madame de ———; "but how came you to know it?"

"It matters little—you expect him?"

"Yes; Lord R———, a young man of much merit, who arrived to-day in Paris. He has not seen any one as yet, and leaves to-morrow morning. How, then, did you know he was coming this evening?"

"I know only he is coming; I have never seen him; I did not know his name; but it has just been revealed to me that an extraordinary event has recently occurred in a chateau belonging to his family—an illustration of chastisement by spiritual agency. He has arrived—he rings—let him relate the event."

The door opened, and the servant announced Lord R———.

Madame T——— presented M. Hume to Lord R———, and related the previous conversation and assertion of the American medium. Lord R———'s face expressed the greatest surprise.

"I have never related to any one," he said, "that which I shall now tell you, on account of M. Hume's curious revelation. He is right; a strange and fearful event has recently occurred in my family; but you shall judge for yourselves.

"My elder brother had been married six years to the daughter of M———, when he became acquainted with an actress of Drury Lane Theatre—Miss E———.

"The *liaison* of my brother and Miss E——— being soon known, did him the greatest injury, and was a cause of deep grief to his wife.—Blinded by his passion, my brother braved the world's opinion, and became indifferent to his wife's sufferings; he obliged Miss E——— to leave the theatre, gave her an elegant house in London, and during the summer took her to Scotland, that he might not be separated from her. His wife died with sorrow, and in dying committed her two sons to my care. My brother's unhappiness at this event was mingled with remorse, but he refused to separate himself from Miss E———. A year since he was in Scotland at his chateau near Edinboro'. Miss E——— was there also.

"One night he had a dream that his wife appeared to him. He saw her figure bending over his bed, and heard her sobbing bitterly.

"'Why do you weep, Anna?' he asked, in his dream.

"'I weep because the actress who robbed me of my husband's love will also deprive my children of their father's affections,' replied the spirit.

"'You are deceived, Anna; nothing can weaken the tender affection I have for my children.'

"'Alas! you think so; but she will prove stronger than your will; yet I am come to protect you from her arts. Here is the veil I wore on our wedding-day—keep it always—it shall save you and my children from the snares of that woman!'

"Saying these words, she folded the veil, and placed it round my brother's neck, then kissing him on the forehead, she disappeared.

"On feeling the icy tears streaming over his brow and face, he leaped from his bed, and gazed around him to assure himself he had been dreaming—but suddenly a piercing cry broke from his lips—the veil was about his neck!—This vision, mingled with the reality, touched his heart: he was resting against the bed, lost in thought, when Miss E——— entered the room. Seeing traces of violent agitation on his features, she demanded the cause.

"'My dear Helen,' he replied, 'our life is culpable, it must change—God ordains it!'

"He then related the dream, and showed her the veil.

"'Is that all?' said Helen, laughing heartily. 'You have, indeed, lost your wits! Do you not see that this is a trick played on you by some member of your wife's family?—but stay. I will destroy at once the charm with the talisman.'

"She tore the veil from his neck, ran to the fire and threw it into the flames. In the swiftness of her movements, her dress, which was very ample, displaced suddenly a large volume of air, drawing the flames out from the chimney into the room. A tongue of flame swept round the young girl, instantly enveloping her light, free robe, and, in spite of immediate succor, she expired in the most horrible sufferings.—You will remember, the journals of the day announced the fearful death of Miss E———; but the singular history connected with the event has remained until now a secret."

It is needless to add that the persons present were deeply affected and impressed by the story of Lord R———. All Paris is at present occupied with its details. Unfortunately, I was not present at that soirée, but, as a faithful reporter, I repeat to you that which the Count N——— has told me, who was not only present, but has since become a faithful disciple of Mr. Hume.—*Boston Transcript.*

How to Catch a Thief.—I remember a country friend of mine had his pocket picked of a handkerchief, and was grievously annoyed. He regarded it as a species of reflection upon his own vigilance. Determined to be revenged upon some of the pickpocket tribe he procured fish-hooks, and had them fastened into the pockets of an old coat, with the barbs downwards. He, thus accoutred, sallied forth into the Strand in the dusk of the evening. Amid a crowd at Charing cross he felt a hand in his pocket, and, giving himself a jerk, as he said, to get the hooks well into the rogue's flesh, he moved on with his prey closely following. He then quickened his pace, giving every now and then another jerk. In this mode, affecting not to feel the fish he had hooked, he led the knave clear of the crowd to a bye street. "Now, my fine fellow, I have you; don't fish in my pockets again." He unbuttoned his coat to slacken the pocket, but in vain did the thief endeavor to extricate himself, the hooks were too deep in his hand, so my acquaintance took out his knife, and whipped off the skirt of the old coat he had used for the trap, and bade the pickpocket walk off to a surgeon, as he thought he had been tolerably well punished.—*Cyrus Redding's Recollections.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother hold it firm—
A gown that came of an India plant,
And not of an India worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

II.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spar
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down, with great renown,
To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride: manner is something to everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather act than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions remember the final account.

Wife.—The origin of the word "wife" has recently been the subject of much discussion.—Trench, a high authority on the "study of words," remarks that the word belongs to the same family as weave, woof, web, and the German weben. It is the title given to a person who is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry and wifely employment when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fittest for her who bears this name!

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER I.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the gray-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions.—Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding-school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears come to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired read, sought after, and—above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and, if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gaiety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for a while, till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no more about her! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bed-room is ready,—the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By and-by, I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the grove behind the house, whose farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favorite place of mine. A broad wagon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little sheet of water, called The Fairy's Looking-glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steeped green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and haze. I could think of nothing when I stood there, on a fine sunshiny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the shepherd's glass, at the beautiful city towards which he was journeying. And it seemed sometimes as if I could wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world any more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in chequered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon the Fairy's Looking-glass. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong, white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton?"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told me about the house, and our cousins who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat with the sunshine falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in light, soft folds. A knot of plain, blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same color. Her watch-chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for, when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead; not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft, dark gray, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. Had she been a Carmelite nun, she would have talked with them; she could not have helped it. When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate wight with an expression peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, Cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog," I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty-spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, Cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing—" She stopped short, and colored.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world."

She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better far, brimful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race; I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

CHAPTER II.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle age, with one or two gray hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams,) and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my fireside reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmurings of an Æolian harp. And she sat by my chair, in silence; loving me always, but loving me silently, and her name was Mary. I dare say, if I had met the original of this placid picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she raced through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and patted Fred on the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her gray pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well? What ails you, Cousin Frank! Did you never hear of any one who went to London before?"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon, it is you, Frank). They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And by-and-by I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farmhouse, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said, softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me, when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you trust me, and do you love me?"

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because, I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me, as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and should weary your life out by my constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and, because you could not get me there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep tenderness—and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling."

"But will it last? Oh, Frank, will it last?"

I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

CHAPTER III.

We were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think, that but for me, it might have lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called Alice fickle—oh, how wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But, from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her most like a child. She was no angel—a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek—it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said—"Stop. Shut the door and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me?

She loved me. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key.—Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. I can see it now. Some wise idea found its way into my head and whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character would never develope its strength in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had already been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction; and, quite unconscious, that while she was getting back all the innocent gaiety of her childish years, the deep lessons of her womanhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

If, for a time, she had charmed me out of my graver self, I resolved to be charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her. Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took up her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I would cease to hear the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The sense of her love half pained me, and I said curtly:

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

She dropped her pen, only too glad of an excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned over my chair.

"And why? when I love some one."

This was a bad beginning of the lesson. I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much."

Her light hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased coldness of manner.

"One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up, and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis?"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh—so faint that I could scarcely hear it—and left the room. I had scared her gaiety away for that morning.

This was the first cloud in our sky.

It seems strange, now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, how perseveringly I labored to destroy the foundation of peace and happiness on which I might have built my life. The remaining six months of that year were months of misery to me, and, I doubt not, to Alice, for she grew thin and pale, and lost her gaiety. I had succeeded only too well in my plan, and she had learned to doubt my affection for her. I felt this by the look in her eyes now and then, and by the way in which she seemed to cling to her dog, as if his fidelity and love were now her only hope. But I was too proud to own myself in the wrong, and the breach widened day by day.

In the midst of all this estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misgiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books, or writing all the time—there was a day when both books and manuscript were put away, and she was bending over him, with her tears falling fast, as she tried to hush his moans, and looked into his fast glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness, when she lay on the low couch, with her arm around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. And when the poor creature's last breath was drawn, she bent over him with a passionate burst of grief, kissed the white spot upon his forehead, and closed the soft, dark eyes, that even in death were turned towards her with a loving look.

She did not come to me for sympathy. She watched alone, while the gardener dug a grave and buried him beneath the study window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visit to his grave till I was busy with my papers for the evening. So the year, which had begun in love and happiness, came to its close.

I sat in the study alone, one morning in the February following, looking over some deeds that had been long neglected, when I heard Alice singing in the balcony outside the window. It was the first time I had heard her sing since Fred's death, and I laid down my pen to listen. But hearing her coming through

the hall, I took it up again, and affected to be very busy.

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house, as she came on tiptoe and bent over my chair.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, tied with blue ribbons, before me.

"I have been to the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which, perhaps, you may not like so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and leaning her hand lightly on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses, for some time; and, when she did this of her own accord, I wheeled round in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy to-day, Alice."

"It is somebody's birthday," she said, stationing herself upon my knee, and looking into my eyes. "And I wish somebody very many happy returns!"—her voice faltered a little—"and if there has been any wrong feeling, Francis, for the last six months, we will bury it to-day, now and forever."

She clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was moved, in spite of myself, and kissed the brown hair that was scattered over my shoulder, and said I was quite willing to forget everything (as if I had anything to forget!) At which she looked up with a bright smile, and I daresay thought me very magnanimous.

"And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

"If you will, my child."

She caressed me again, after a queer little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to my forehead, two to each cheek, two to the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes. She went through this ceremony with a painstaking care, and then looked me in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment, and efface the past and its unhappiness. I held her closely to my heart, and her arms were around my neck.

Will any one believe it? My wife had scarcely left me five minutes before the fancy came to me that I had shown too plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coldness and indifference, and at her very first warm kiss or smile, I was completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted, and annoyed me much during those months: it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely before she had even asked my forgiveness. I took a sudden resolution; and, when she came back into the room, was buried in my papers once more. Poor child! She had had one half-hour's sunshine, at least.

"One moment," she said, taking the pen out of my hand, and holding something up over my head. "I have a birthday gift for you. Do you want it?"

"If you give it to me, certainly."

"Then ask me for it."

I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said, timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by the way—Saint Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say, that one should never ask or refuse anything."

"Well! But I'm not talking to *Saint Francis*; I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little bronze inkstand made like a Cupid, with his quiver full of pens) at my feet, and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up the figure—it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little god of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

She placed the fragments one upon the other and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Francis!" she added, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting my hand to her lips. "Why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale.

"I will go then. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me?

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But—"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on"

"I do not love you—not as you mean"

There was a dead silence in the room as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white, and gave me such a look of anguish that I repented of my cruelty, and forgot my anger.

"I do not mean that, Alice," I cried. "You look ill and pale. Believe me, I was only jesting.'

"I can bear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that cannot be borne—in one way or another."

She turned and left the room, quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and only a white, pale light came through the window. I so connected it with her sorrow, that to this day I can never see the golden radiance come and go across my path, without the same sharp, knife-like pang that I felt then, as the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER IV.

Alice became weaker and grew really ill. A tour on the continent was strongly recommended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. Warrener, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad, nine months instead of six. People wondered and joked about my wife's deserting me; but I only laughed, and said, I should soon go after her if she remained away much longer; and they thought we were still a model couple. But, had they seen me sitting in my office, at night, over Alice's letters from abroad, they would have known what a gulf had opened between us two. I read those letters over and over again, with aching throbs going through and through my heart, at every word. They were full of incident and interest, and people called them beautiful, who had not seen the mixture of womanly passion and childlike playfulness in her character that I had seen, and which I was to see no more.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would cross to Dover on the morrow. I went down to Dover to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me again!

I was worn, haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurried journey. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me they had arrived.

I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life. Warrener grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs Warrener—bless her kind heart!—burst out crying.

"Oh, my dear Frank! I am so glad to see you. And we have brought you your Alice home, so well."

Next moment she entered, a little King Charles's spaniel frisking about her feet. I had her in my arms at once, but it was not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her face.

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone.

"Not in the least ill, Frank," she said quietly. "But you must remember I have not seen you for nine months and you startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice, this. I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could re-animate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day; and, when we came home, I could not wake. I had made many changes in the house, and all for her. I took her through the rooms on the day after our return, and showed her the improvements. She was pleased with the furniture; she admired the pictures and the conservatory; and seemed delighted with the little gem of a boudoir which I had planned myself by designing expressly for her. She thanked me, too. No longer ago than a year, she would have danced through the rooms, uttering a thousand pretty little exclamations of wonder and delight, and I should have been smothered with kisses, and called a "dear old bear," or some such fit name at the end; all of which would have been very silly, but also very delightful.

I think I bore it for a month; but one morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast—for Alice took that meal in her room now—the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around.

"Not too busy to talk to you," she said.

"Alice, how long are we to live this life?"

She changed color.

"What life, Frank?"

"The one we are living now. It is not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were."

"I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why cannot the old days come back again. If I made a terrible mistake, can you never forgive it? I thought it was foolish for us to love each other as we did—at least, to show it as we did—but I have found now, that love is earth's only true wisdom."

She smiled sadly.

"Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh, give me back the lost sunshine."

I rose from my seat and stood beside her, but she drew back and shook her head.

"Frank, don't ask me for that."

"I shall know how to value it now, Alice."

"That may be; but I have it not to give you, my poor Frank."

I clasped her to my heart. The passion in that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but she did not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and only looked at me and sighed.

"Too late! Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?"

"Forgive? Do you think I have one unkind thought or feeling towards you, Frank? Ah, no! But I am chilled through and through.—My love is dead and buried. Stand away from its grave, and let us meet the world as we best may."

I leaned my head upon my hands, and my tears fell, and I was not ashamed of them.—But they seemed to rouse her into a kind of frenzy.

"You!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "You, who a year ago sowed the seed which has borne this fruit, can you weep over your husbandry now? Don't, Frank! Take what I can give you—take my earnest friendship—and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven."

"Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there—you will love me again."

She quoted those sad words which poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying bed:

"Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même?"

(What would an isolated soul do, even in Heaven itself!)

and laid her hand gently on mine.

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we first met, I loved you on that unhappy day and love you still!"

"I am glad to hear it," she said, hurriedly. "Heaven only knows what days and nights were mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to separate them. I thought at first that I could not live. I suppose every one thinks so when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and by-and-by, peace. We seem like two gray shadows, Frank, in a silent world, and we must only wait God's time; and hope that, on the other side of the grave at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, I am happy in being with you, Frank—happy in thinking that the same roof shelters us, and that we shall not part till one of us two dies."

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more; her arms were around my neck, and her head upon my shoulder, and her lips meeting mine. Not as they used to do, yet tenderly and kindly.

"We are older and wiser than we were, and sadder, too, dear Frank," she said, with a smile. "Yet who knows? It may be that all the love has not left us yet."

And thus that chapter of our life ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have waited calmly for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the eyes of Alice; the same deep, sad tone thrills my heart when I hear her speaking or singing. An angel could scarcely be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was unreasonable, and exacting, and ardent, and imperious in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the strain to keep pace with hers; but, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

It would have been different but for me.—Oh, you, who read this little tale, remember in time that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do such great work; and that there is no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

A GREAT SUCCESS.—The celebrity of the hour is unquestionably the horse-taming Rarey, who has appeared as a missionary of civilization and mercy among the too long ill-treated horses. Starting with the proposition that the horse is the most intelligent and affectionate of animals, the American deliverer sweeps away all the cruel traditions of horse-breaking, all the menaces, and blows, and kicks with which equine education has hitherto been conducted, and proceeds upon the theory of gentleness and mutual confidence. And as a new creed should be attested by marvels, they are not wanting here. Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, has a horse called Cruiser, a noble creature to look at, but a fiend incarnate, whose malice and fury have rendered him a terror to the circle of his acquaintance, who would scream with rage for ten minutes, would tear up the ground with his teeth, and would snap iron bars, and as his keeper (the only name for a wild beast's custodian) remarked, smash up stalls into lucifer-matches. No groom could approach him, and he had to be dressed by the aid of a long pole to which the currycomb was affixed, and a great iron muzzle was placed upon him by stratagem when it was necessary to bring him out. In fact, so terrible was the horse that it had been at last determined to treat him as the Count in "The Mysteries of Paris" treats the ruffian whom he determines to render harmless—namely, to deprive him of sight. [This is denied by Lord Dorchester.—*Ed. Post.*] Happily for Cruiser, Mr. Rarey arrives, and the animal is confided to him. The missionary has a day with the savage—the first minutes of intercourse being rendered safe by the interposition of a tremendously strong wagon that would have served for a barricade in a revolution, and the conversion is effected. Mr Rarey returns to town with the dreadful Cruiser trotting behind a dog-cart, and

A child might scathless stroke his brow.

The animal has been lectured upon to a distinguished circle of visitors, and it is as gentle and docile as a lady's pet pony. It was touching to see him look at his old muzzle, which was placed on him to show what he had been—his glance was almost reproachful, like the toy's look at Dr. Arnold when he spoke sharply, "I am sure I am doing the best I can." It was a good day for the English horse when Mr. Rarey took ship. The best of the case is the utter absence of all quackery, and the plain common-sense principle on which the treatment is founded. Hitherto we have given the most delicate animal organization to be dealt with by the very pick of stupid and ruffianly instructors. Now let us leave off "breaking" horses and teach them instead. The lesson might have wider application.—*London News.*

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The American Tract Society held its annual business meeting on the 12th. Nobody was admitted unless he could produce his ticket of membership. The crowd was very great, and, as the general understanding was that a determined struggle on the slave question would take place, the excitement was very great and the anxiety to gain admission intense.

The proceedings began with a reading of the annual report. Dr. McGee then made a statement on behalf of the Publishing Committee, stating that had the suppressed tract ("on the duty of masters") been published it would have dismembered the society. [Hisses and applause.]

Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, moved that the action of the Committee be sustained. Rev. Dr. Tyng, amidst much confusion, moved to lay it on the table. This was negatived, and great excitement followed. Judge Jessup moved an amendment, reaffirming the action of last year. Some sparring between Rev. Dr. Bethune and Rev. Dr. Thompson then ensued, after which the discussion took a wide range. At length it was resolved to take a vote, and the result was—the adoption of the resolution offered by Bishop McIlvaine, by a large majority, thus sustaining the action of the Executive Committee. Subsequently, John Jay offered the following resolutions, which, on motion, was laid on the table:

Resolved, That nothing issued by the Publishing Committee should express or imply the Christian lawfulness of the system of American slavery.

The election of a Board of Managers was next in order, and the present incumbents were sustained.

The following is the ticket elected:

Publishing Committee.—Rev. David Magie, D. D., Elizabeth, N. J., Presb. church, (O. S.) 1848; Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D. D., Bap. church, 1846; Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D., Presb. church, (N. S.) 1851; Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, D. D., Prot. Ep. church, 1853; Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Boston, Mass., Cong. church, 1854; Rev. Thomas De Witt, D. D., Ref. Dutch church.

Distributing Committee.—William Forrest, 1831; Alfred M. Tredwell, 1853; Oliver H. Lee, 1855; Alfred S. Barnes, 1857; Samuel S. Constant.

Finance Committee.—Richard T. Haines, 1825; Moses Allen, 1825; Thomas C. Doremus, 1837; Richard S. Fellowes, 1847; George N. Tuns, Esq., Oliver E. Wood, 1849.

The receipts of the Tract Society amount to $367,000, and the balance on hand to $263,000.

The resolutions passed at the last annual meeting, relative to the distribution of tracts among slaveholders, were rescinded.

A. P. HAYNE has been appointed U. S. Senator from South Carolina, in place of Mr. Evans, deceased.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE FISHING BOUNTIES.

ADMISSION OF MINNESOTA.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

SENATE.

On the 8th, the chamber of the Senate was crowded to excess to witness the ceremonies preceding the funeral of Senator Evans, of South Carolina.

Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, and Benjamin, of Louisiana, pronounced brief eulogies and dwelt upon the circumstances attending their colleague's death.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, followed, saying that it was not often that he mingled his voice with those who delivered funeral eulogies. Now, however, he must pay a high tribute to the deceased, who had reminded him of his ideal of a Roman Senator. Like a shock of corn, fully ripe, he had been gathered from these scenes, and sunk down full of honors.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, followed. He said his long association with the deceased in committee brought out those beautiful qualities and traits of character which he could appreciate more fully than in the open Senate.

The Senate then took a recess till 2 o'clock, the hour of the funeral.

On the 10th, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, presented a petition from the business men of the Northwestern Lakes, asking an appropriation to investigate whether Prof. Bailot's theory of foretelling storms is applicable to the locality of the lakes.

Mr. Broderick, of California, offered a long resolution, charging the postmaster at San Francisco with malfeasance in office, and requiring information as to the reason why the Postmaster General did not act in the matter.

The consideration of the resolution authorizing the presentation of a medal to Com. Paulding came up as the special order of the day, but, on motion, it was postponed.

The bill to repeal the Fishery bounties was then considered. Speeches were made in favor of the bounties by Senators Fessenden, Simmons, Crittenden, Collamer, &c.—the ground of rearing a hardy body of seamen being relied upon.

Mr. Allen, of Rhode Island, made an amendment that the bounties cease from the 31st of December, 1859.

Mr. Hamlin, of Me., moved a further amendment by substituting December, 1865.

The bounties were opposed by Senators Toombs and Benjamin.

On the 11th, on motion of Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, the bill for the final adjustment of private land claims in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, was considered.

The bill excited considerable debate, but finally, with unimportant amendments, it was read a third time and passed.

The bill to repeal the Fishery Bounties was then taken up. Senators Hale and Sewerd advocated the bounties, and Senators Mallory, Davis and Pugh opposed them.

On the 12th, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, relative to the proposed purchase of a site for the fortification of the harbor of San Francisco.

Mr. Broderick, of California, declared the whole rauche proposed to be purchased not worth more than $7,000.

Mr. Fessenden, of Me., objected to the price demanded ($200,000,) and thought the necessity was not so urgent that Congress should submit to such an enormous imposition.

Mr. Gwin, of California, said that the site was indispensable for the protection of the harbor, and hence he should not hesitate about the price.

The subject was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

After the transaction of some unimportant business, the consideration of the bill for the repeal of the Fishing Bounties was resumed. After considerable debate

Mr. Allen, of Rhode Island, offered a resolution, as an additional section to the bill, repealing all duties on salt.

A lengthy debate ensued, when Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, moved to include sugar.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, gave notice that if the amendment was adopted, he would move to include textures and fibres and the abolishment of custom-houses.

Mr. Seward, of New York, was opposed to altering the Tariff Act of the last Congress. He would go for the abolishment of duty on sugar, and if the Senator from Tennessee, (Mr. Bell) would go with him, he would favor the abolishment of duty on iron. Pending which, the matter was laid over till to-morrow.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, presented the credentials of Mr. Rice, as Senator from Minnesota. As soon as they were read

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, presented charges from the people of Iowa, accusing corruption in land sales. He did not know what course to pursue, but he would object, on behalf of the people, to the reception of Mr. Rice's credentials. One of the charges made is, that Mr. Rice sold land at one dollar and a-half per acre, and gave receipts for one dollar and a quarter per acre.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, explained how the charge originated. In the report that Mr. Rice made to the War Department, he stated how this occurred, but no advantage was taken, as intimated, nor was there anything wrong in the case.

Mr. Rice was then sworn in, and immediately addressed the Senate. He said, this was his first appearance in this body, and he felt that he was placed in an embarrassing position. He had never received any intimation of these charges. If the gentleman from Iowa had examined the papers on file in the War Department, he would have found that there was not one word of truth in the charges made. He should demand an investigation, and, if one single word impugned his motives as a Government officer, he would resign his position as Senator.

Mr. Harlan offered a resolution for a Committee of Investigation to examine the charges, with power to send for persons and papers.—Laid over.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, presented the credentials of General Shields, who was also sworn in as Senator from Minnesota. Adjourned.

On the 13th, the General Appropriation Bill was discussed and passed, but reconsidered. In the course of the debate, Mr. Doolittle made an allusion to "Galphinism." Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, forthwith went over the history of the Galphin case, saying that he supported it in the House and supported it now. As high minded men as any in the Union supported it, and the denouncers of it were miserable slanderers and cowards.

Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, said he had been acquainted with the circumstances of the Galphin case, and they were as Mr. Toombs had stated.

The matter then subsided, and, after a protracted discussion on the other subjects, the Senate adjourned.

On the 14th, a resolution was submitted by Mr. Biggs, of North Carolina, that the President be requested, if compatible with the public interests, to communicate to the Senate any information which may have been received concerning the recent search or seizure of American vessels by foreign armed cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico or the adjacent seas; and also what measures, if any, have been taken in relation thereto. Adopted unanimously.

The subsequent business has been unimportant, being mainly private bills.

Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, submitted a resolution, which was adopted, that a Committee be appointed to investigate the charges made against him by the citizens of Iowa respecting the sale of the Fort Crawford Reserve Lands.

The Bill permitting the Indiana Society of Friends to pre-exempt three hundred and twenty acres of land, has passed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 8th, the House met at eleven o'clock, but took a recess till one, when a message was received from the Senate announcing the decease of Senator Evans, of South Carolina.

Eulogies were delivered by Messrs. McQueen, Bocock, and Colfax, of Ind.

The usual resolutions of respect were adopted, and the House adjourned to attend the funeral.

On the 10th, Mr. Faulkner, of Va., from the Military Committee, reported bills making appropriations for the construction of a wagon road in New Mexico, for the completion of Military roads in Washington Territory, and for the completion of the Fort Ridgely and South Pass Wagon Roads.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, from the same committee, reported a bill for the survey of the Columbia River.

J. Glancy Jones, of Pa., from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the Post-Office, Ocean Mail Steamer, Deficiency, and Supplemental Indian Appropriation bills.

Mr. Zollikoffer, of Tenn., from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to regulate and make uniform the right of suffrage in the Territories of the United States.

Mr. Smith, of Va., from the Committee on Territories, asked leave to report a bill to organize a Territorial Government for Nevada.

Mr. Cobb, of Ala., objected.

On motion of Mr. Helsey, of New York, the House took up and passed the bill providing that where proof had been established, but the land warrant for military services not issued until after the death of the claimant, the title shall rest in his widow; and if not widow, then on the heirs of the warrantee. All such warrants to be treated as personal chattels.

The joint resolution from the Senate extending till January next the time for the President to examine the records of the Naval Courts of Inquiry, with a view to the restoration to the Navy of officers affected by the action of the Naval Retiring Board, was passed.

The House passed the following Senate bills: Enlarging the Detroit and Saginaw land district.

For the relief of the Hungarian settlers on lands in Iowa, heretofore reserved from sale.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the Senate Bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out of the fund heretofore received from Great Britain, under the treaty of Ghent, various sums to citizens of Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, to compensate them for the loss of their slaves, carried away by the British during the war of 1812.

Mr. Bliss, of Ohio, argued that these claims, instead of being embraced in, are expressly excluded by that treaty.

Mr. Garnett of Va., replying, said that the Governor of Virginia, was interested in the bill, and that the slaves were to be paid for at the rate of $200 per head, which was ridiculously low. Whenever the subject of a slave was mentioned, the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Bliss,) as well as his elder colleague, (Mr. Giddings,) seem afflicted with a species of madness, like dogs afflicted with hydrophobia. Great Britain gave a round sum for the satisfaction of these claims, and it was for the United States to make the disbursement. Would the gentleman from Ohio, as a trustee, keep the money in his own pocket, for his own use, and not pay it to whom it was due? Would he pay it for the slaves?

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, asked if it was to be paid to Democrats.

Mr. Garnett replied, the Governor of Virginia is a Democrat, and wanted the gentleman to be more definite.

Mr. Giddings said he had answered according to the gentleman's remark about mad dogs, which was ungentlemanly and cowardly.

Mr. Garnett said that nothing more could be expected from a man who had distinguished himself by blackness of heart; who was guilty of treason against his country and his God.

The Speaker called him to order for his personal remarks.

Mr. Garnett said that the Speaker should have restrained the gentleman from Ohio.

Mr. Giddings withdrew his remark. He only wanted to show his appreciation of the gentleman's charge, and not to insult the House.

Mr. Garnett—I have nothing to retract.

Mr. Giddings—Nor I.

Mr. Garnett—The member has long since placed himself beyond the pale of notice from gentleman.

The bill was then referred to Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Adjourned.

On the 11th, Mr. Burroughs, of Kentucky, from the Special Committee on the subject of a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara, made a report proposing a grant of land in aid of the construction of the work, to the extent of one-third of its probable cost.

The House resumed the consideration of the Senate Bill for the admission of Minnesota into the Union. After a short discussion, Passed—Yeas 157, nays 38.

The House then took up the bill to prevent the inconvenient accumulation in the Post Office Department of deputy postmasters' quarterly returns.

Mr. English, of Indiana, remarked that sixty thousand bushels had accumulated.

Mr Morgan, of New York, said that the opposition proposed during the next National Administration to investigate all these matters. Hence he wanted the time specified for the destruction of such papers to be extended to five instead of two years. [Laughter.]

Mr. English, of Indiana, wanted to know whether the gentleman was serious?

Mr. Morgan said he was.

The bill was then passed.

Recently the House ordered to be engrossed the resolution authorizing the President to take prompt measures for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The question now recurred on ordering the engrossment of the preamble thereto, asserting that both the American and British interpretation of the treaty had been productive only of misunderstandings and controversy.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, moved to lay the whole subject on the table. The House refused—yeas 84, nays 88.

Mr. Millson moved to lay on the table.

Negatived—yeas 65, nays 102.

The preamble was then rejected—yeas 67, nays 99.

Mr. Sickels, of New York, said that the House would concur with him that the record for the last few days exhibited, most conclusively, that this question was not correctly understood in many quarters of the House. It should be known that negotiations are, and have been pending for some time, under favorable auspices, with the view to bring the two countries to an amicable understanding with regard to the controversy. This fact was set forth in the President's annual message, and he was surprised that it was not more generally understood. It was a most extraordinary proceeding for the House to interfere in such a delicate matter, without any knowledge of the present state of the negotiation — whether favorable or unfavorable. It was unprecedented for a resolution like this to be passed through the House. One of the chief obstacles to the adjustment of the Central American question was the fixed and settled policy of the late Premier, Lord Palmerston, who adhered to it tenaciously during the principal portion of his public career, and which committed Great Britain to intervention in Central America to prevent us from acquiring any facilities which would afford us the key to, or to control the commerce of the east through that country. Hostile action on our part at this time is not to be desired, when we consider that the obstacle to the adjustment no longer exists, Lord Palmerston having retired. The present minister, at a former period, showed no disposition to interpose obstacles to the adjustment, and was now disposed to come to a frank understanding with this country. There was only one precedent for a step of this kind to abrogate a treaty, and that was with France, in 1798, which was a war measure.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, said that the resolution pending was merely a recommendation of the representatives of the people. He could furnish half a dozen precedents in which representatives have expressed wishes in regard to treaties.

Mr. Sickles said that the abrogation of the treaty would leave Great Britain in possession of what she claims. The House should not force upon the President a war policy.

Mr. Clark, of New York, wished to know whether the Cass-Yrisarri Treaty embodies the policy of the Administration respecting Central America.

Mr. Sickles took it for granted that the treaty would not have been negotiated if not in conformity with the policy of the Administration.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said that the Clayton Bulwer Treaty declares that neither of the contracting parties shall fortify, colonize or exercise any sort of dominion over Central America. How does the matter stand at this day? Why, Great Britain holds two-thirds of the Central American coast, which she will hold so long as the treaty stands. We have no foothold there. It was the purpose of the President that we should be informed on this question. Was not that part of his Message referred to the Committe of Foreign Affairs, in order that they might express some opinion on the subject?

Mr. Sickles replied that it was not sent there that the resolution might be reported in direct conflict with the President's views.

Mr. Clay said that the preamble of this resolution was almost in the direct language of the Message, had in opposing the preamble the gentleman from New York (Mr. Sickles) opposed the President's views.

Mr. Sickles explained why the preamble is in direct conflict with the President's views.

Mr. Clay said the better course was to abrogate the treaty in accordance with the recommendation of the President, and commence anew. If this was a war measure, the President had inaugurated it, and not the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He, for one, would sustain the Administration, at least in the expression of opinion. He looked on the Clayton Bulwer Treaty with abhorrence.

Without concluding, the House, on motion, adjourned.

On the 12th, Mr. Smith, of Virginia, reported a bill to establish a Territorial Government for Nevada.

Several bills relating to the Territories, of no general importance, were passed.

The remainder of the session was consumed in the consideration of the bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in New Mexico. Adjourned, for want of a quorum.

On the 13th, Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, said that Messrs. Kavanaugh and Phelps, the members elect from the new State of Minnesota, were present, and moved that they be sworn in.

The certificates of their election were read, signed by Samuel Medary, Governor of Minnesota, dated in December last.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, objected to the administration of the oaths of office. He said that it was known that the Constitution of Minnesota provided for the election of three members by a general ticket, and he desired to be informed where the credentials of the third member were.

Mr. Phillips replied that these were the only credentials he had seen.

Mr. Sherman said that, by another provision of the Constitution of Minnesota, the term of the Governor does not commence until after the State is admitted into the Union, and this was the only mode by which the House could judge who is the Executive officer of that State. Mr. Medary is not the Governor, but the Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Millson, of Virginia, offered a resolution that the certificates and credentials of those claiming to be elected members from Minnesota be referred to the Committee on Elections, with instructions to inquire into and report as their right to be sworn in as members of the House. Carried, 91 to 86.

The question then recurred on Mr. Phillips' motion, as amended, by Mr. Millson's substitute. The question was decided in the affirmative—yeas 108, nays 83.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, from the Committee on Elections, made a Report on the Ohio Contested Election Case, stating that four members were in favor of giving it to the contestant, (Mr. Vallandigham,) and one recommending that the seat be declared vacant.

Mr. Harris gave notice that he would call up the subject at an early day.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, made an adverse Report.

An application from the people of Utah, for admission as a State into the Union, was presented.

The remainder of the session was devoted to the consideration of Territorial business. No bills were passed. Adjourned.

On the 14th, the House proceeded to the disposal of the Territorial Business Report from the Committee of the Whole.

The bill making an appropriation for the completion of the Military Road from Astoria to Salem, in Oregon, was passed.

Two other bills for Roads in New Mexico and Washington Territories, were rejected.

There being no quorum present, several efforts were made to adjourn, but they were ineffectual. A call of the House was then ordered, and various excuses were offered for the absentees.

Among others, seven Pennsylvania members who had been dining with the President, rendered excuses for their absence; and at half-past 11 o'clock the House adjourned.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION.—There seem to have been some queer sayings and doings at the Woman's Rights' Convention in New York. In addition to the usual right to vote, &c., resolutions, the Free Lovers advocated the right of woman to Free Love. A Mr. Mark Warren also complained of the tyranny of woman. He said:—"He spoke from experience when he said that he suffered greatly from the tyrannical usurpation of women. Woman was the equal, but when women wanted to be the lords of creation they asked too much. [Laughter.] Let woman be the true help meet of man, religiously, politically and morally; 'but, oh,' said he in a sorrowful tone, 'that will be a sad day for man when woman takes command. I know it from sad experience.' [Convulsive laughter, and cries of 'give us your experience,' which lasted several minutes."]

A FATAL TRAGEDY IN FRANKLIN SQUARE.—On Thursday, of last week, a young man, a barber, first shot a young woman with whom he had been living—but who had abandoned him for another—and then shot himself. He died in about half-an-hour—but the woman will probably recover. His name was George F. L. Goodwin, and he was from Boston, where he has a wife and two children, whom he had deserted. Her name was Elizabeth Marshall, and she had run off with Goodwin, from her husband in Lynn, Mass. "The wages of sin is death."

THE FROST AND SOUTHERN CROPS.—The papers in the South state that less damage is likely to result from the frosts than was anticipated.

THE NUISANCE LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.—We recently mentioned that Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, had decided, in a recent suit, that houses for the sale of liquor, contrary to the law, were nuisances, and could be abated as such by any citizen. The Boston Traveller, of the 10th, furnishes the following illustration of this decision:

Chief of Police Willey, on Saturday night, as he was walking down Bridge street, East Cambridge, saw a man who was intoxicated go into a place where liquor is sold, and kept by one Dillon. Having watched the place, and seeing the man come out so badly intoxicated that he could not get along without assistance, Mr. Willey came to the conclusion that the place was nothing but a nuisance, and concluded to abate it. The result was he entered said shop, and after examining the liquors kept for sale, destroyed them in a workmanlike manner. He next proceeded to a place on the same street, kept by one Philip Monahan, and there found four young men around the bar, with their glasses filled with liquor, ready to be swallowed, whereupon he went through the ceremony of demolishing jugs, decanters, and their contents. Thence he went to a place kept by one Glasson, where people resort in the night time, and on the Sabbath, to spend their time, money, and what reputation they may have, and in like manner destroyed the contents of the various jugs, &c. There is a set of people in Cambridge who are peddling out liquor even to school children, and the office of the Chief of Police is often visited by broken-hearted women, to see if something cannot be done to stop the ruin which is upon them. The remedy which the Chief has adopted, is, he thinks, the only one that can be found. Prosecution after prosecution having failed, mainly through perjured witnesses, the Chief of Police has taken a course in accordance with the recent decision of Judge Shaw.

The Gloucester Telegraph learns that at Rockport a salute of ten guns was fired in honor of the charge of Chief Justice Shaw.

The Boston Herald gives the following as the latest instance of putting the law in practice:

"The proprietor of one of the most popular bar-rooms in this city was considerably astonished yesterday by a customer who walked into the place, took a stiff horn of brandy, and then, with the utmost nonchalance, smashed the tumbler from which he had drank upon the counter. He was walking out in the coolest manner possible, when the proprietor asked him whether he intended to pay for what he had drank and what he had smashed. The man replied, contemptuously, that he intended nothing of the kind, but would throw himself upon his legal rights as illustrated in Judge Shaw's exposition of the nuisance act? The knight of the toddy-stick was greatly enraged, and hinted something about exercising his right to kick the brandy smasher out doors, whereupon that individual left the premises without further argument."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—MORE GOLD DISCOVERIES.—The steamship Star of the West arrived at New York on the 13th, from Aspinwall, bringing over $1,600,000 in gold, the California mails to the 20th ult., two weeks later than the previous advices.

Forest City, in Nevada county, California, was entirely destroyed by fire. The news is not of any special importance. The U. S. steamer Merrimac and sloop-of-war Decatur remained at Panama—all well. Business at San Francisco was dull. The mining and agricultural prospects were eminently favorable.—The fugitive slave case of the negro boy Archy, terminated finally on the 14th of April, by Commissioner George Pen Johnston rendering a decision setting the negro free. Rich gold diggings have been discovered in Carson Valley. Later advices from Lieut Ives's Expedition state that his explorations demonstrate the navigability of the Colorado river of the west to the mouth of the Virgin river. The Legislature of California has passed a bill prohibiting the future immigration of free negroes to California, and compelling those already there to register their names and take out licenses.—This has caused great excitement among the colored population, and at meetings held by them, the question of emigrating in a body to Vancouver's Island was discussed. The advices from Oregon are to the 6th of April. The Republicans had nominated John Denny, of Marion county, for Governor, and J. N. McBride for Congress. The Democrats have nominated Lafayette Grover for Congress. The Cass-Herran Treaty has passed the Senate of New Grenada, slightly modified. There is a talk of another revolution in Bogota.

A large number of persons had returned to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, for provisions and implements for mining, bringing large quantities of gold. They report the miners to be making from *eight to fifty dollars* per day.

It is estimated that some three hundred people have left Vancouver's Island and the lower part of the Sound within the last ten days.

The hands employed in the various mills are leaving, and there is a scarcity of help at the present time. It is said that about sixty have already left. Parties are also preparing to leave this place for the mines.

JESSIE BROWN AT LUCKNOW.—The Calcutta correspondent of the Nonconformist says:—"We have read with some surprise and amusement that wonderful story published in the English papers about Jessie Brown and the slogan of the Highlanders, in Havelock's relief of Lucknow. I have been assured by one of the garrison that it is a pure invention. 1. No letter of the date mentioned could have reached Calcutta when the story is said to have arrived. 2. There was no Jessie Brown in Lucknow. 3. The 78th neither played their pipes nor howled out the slogan as they came in; they had something else to do. 4. They never marched around the dinner-table with their pipes the same evening at all. Another story by the same writer is just come out, about a Miss Jamieson, an heiress, whose handsome lover had his eyes and cheeks blown away, and who would marry him in spite of the deficiency. The fact is, there was no Miss Jamieson in Lucknow. Probably this story is only a copy of the real fact, that when Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge, of the Guards, returned from the Crimea without his legs, and wished to free Miss Gurney from her engagement to him, she refused the offer and married him. The correspondent of the Paris Presse seems to have considerable powers of invention, and I advise you to set all his stories down as lies."

It is a little characteristic, that the above romancing is from French sources, while the contradictions are by the English themselves.

☞ A FRENCHMAN ON MILTON.—Milton, having chosen for his theme the greatest of human interests, has celebrated it in the widest spread tongue of the whole world.—*Villemain.*

☞ Beloved! count it one of the highest duties on earth, to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few and scarcely any do by their own.—*Martin Luther.*

☞ The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half as pleasant as courting an affectionate girl.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 15.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is quiet; sales of 8000 bbls; Wheat firm, 20,000 bush sold at 98c for Western red. Corn heavy, sales of 14,000 bush at 70c for white, and 73@74c for yellow. Pork is unsettled, $17,00 for Mess, and $14.25 for Prime. Lard dull.

COTTON—The market is dull and heavy. We quote as follows:—

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Upl'ds.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10¾	10¾	10¾	10¾
Middling	12¾	12¾	12¾	12¾
Mid'ling fair,	13¼	13¼	13¼	13¼

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The dullness which we have noted for some time in the Flour market still continues, and prices have rather favored buyers, as the demand has been limited, both for export and home consumption. The sales for shipment comprise 5000 bbls at $4.50 ₱ bbl for superfine, at which it is very freely offered, and $4,75@5 for extra, including 1000 bbls of the latter on terms not made public. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been at $4,50@4,62½ for standard and good brands; $4,69@4,87½ for extra; $5,12½@5,50 for extra family, and $5,75@6 for fancy lots. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very quiet, and the sales limited at $3,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have somewhat fallen off, but the market has been very dull, and prices have declined 3@5c ₱ bush. Sales of 17,000 bush Southern and Penna at 80c for inferior up to $1,10 for prime red, and 95c up to $1,25 for white. Rye is lower, and 4000 bush sold at 66@66c. Corn has been in fair demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 54,000 bush yellow at 70@71c, afloat, and 69@70c in store, including some inferior at 66@68c, and white at 64@67c. Oats have been dull, and 1@2c lower. Sales of 10,000 bush at 36½@40c for Penna, and 37@39c for Maryland and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market for most articles under this head continues at a stand still, and prices, which are still nearly nominal, are unsettled and lower. Mess Pork is quoted at $18@18,50, and city Mess Beef at $17 ₱ bbl, but we hear of no sales of either. Bacon and green Meats are also without demand, and the only sales we hear of are 150 casks of the latter, mostly pickled Shoulders at a price kept private. Lard is dull at 11½@12c for bbls, and 13c for kegs. Butter is quiet, with a small business doing in Roll at 15@16c, and solid at 12@13c ₱ lb. Cheese is unchanged. Eggs are bringing 9c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull, and with increased receipts and a very limited inquiry, prices have declined fully ½@¾c ₱ lb. Sales of 600 bales, chiefly Upland, at 12¾@13c ₱ m, cash, for low grade and middling fair quality, including stained and samples at 12c@12½c.

BARK—There has been an increased demand for Quercitron Bark, and the stock is very much reduced. Sales of 100 hhds No 1, at $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is dull and sells slowly at our last quotations.

BEESWAX—Has been more inquired after, and all the Yellow that could be had, was taken at 30@31c ₱ lb, cash—now held higher.

COAL—There is some little movement in the market, but business is dull for the season and prices rule about the same as last week, with moderate receipts and sales.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are unchanged. Sales of 10,000 lbs, at 5½@6c ₱ lb, and Unpared Peaches at 12@14c.

FEATHERS—Have been more inquired after, but there are very few offering. Sales of 3000 lbs good Western at 54@55c ₱ lb, cash.

HEMP—Continues quiet—there being but little stock here to operate in.

HIDES—Are held with much firmness, but no further transactions have come under our notice; a small invoice of Laguayra has arrived. A sale of 6000 Madras and Patna Goat Skins at 29c, cash.

HOPS—Continue to meet a steady inquiry, and further sales of Eastern and Western have been made at 6@9c ₱ lb for new crop.

IRON—Has been very quiet. For Pig Metal there has been very little demand, but prices are steadily maintained, and we notice further sales of 300 tons Anthracite at $22@20@19 ₱ ton, cash, for the three numbers. Nothing doing in Blooms. Bar an Boiler Iron sell slowly at quoted rates.

LEAD—There is but little stock here, and holders are firm at the late advance.

LEATHER—Prices are steady for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and there is a good demand.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to come forward liberally, and there has been rather more doing. Sales of 50,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine rap boards, at $12@15 ₱ 1000 feet, as in quality; 200,000 Calais Laths at $1,25@1,30, and 100,000 Pickets at $5,50@6 ₱ M, for 4 and 4½ feet.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed continue trifling, and it is taken on arrival at $4,25@4,37½ ₱ 64 lbs. In Timothy nothing doing. Flaxseed is in good request at $1,55@1,60 ₱ bus—the latter rate for Western.

TALLOW—Continues in limited supply, and command 10½c for City Rendered.

TOBACCO—There has been a steady demand for both leaf and manufactured without change in prices.

WOOL—The market has been very dull—the advices from abroad being of a peculiarly discouraging character, and on some instances prices have fallen off 1@2c ₱ lb. Sales of 40,000 lbs from 37c for pulled, up to 45c for fine.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY,

By the CATERER of the FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Chestnut Street (above Third.)

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	7 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	7 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31½a37½	Chop	12½
Shin	20 a25	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Sweetbread each	12
Liver ₱ lb	5 a 8	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	$1 25
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10 a 12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ₱ set	12½a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe ₱ lb	4 a 6
Chop ₱ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 12½
Calves Head each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	16 a 18
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce ₱ head	6	Beets bunch	4 a 5
Rhubarb ₱ bunch	5	Cabbage bbl	2 50
Onion tops ₱ bunch	1	do h'd	3 a 10
Radishes ₱ hundred bunches	$2 50	Carrots doz	10
Asparagus ₱ bunch	10	S't Pot's ₱ bus	$1 50a1 75
Lima beans ₱ quart	12	do do ₱ lb	6a 8
Turnips bus	50	Corn Pot's bus	20 a 25
		Onions bus	30

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bbl	62½a 87½	Cranberries qt	14 a 16
do ½ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₱ pair	$1 at 12	Chickens ₱ lb	18 a 120
Chickens ₱ pair	75 at 1 25	Sab Pig'ns pair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	$4 00 a5 00	Oysters, Absecom ₱ bbl	50 a 75
do (Chas & Del)	6 00 a8 00	do ₱ 100	$16 00 a20 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	M Riv Cove M	16 00 a17 00
Clams M	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ₱ bbl	13 00 a15 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	29 a 31	Mackerel	10
Roll do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Eggs doz	11 a 13	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	6
Cod	5 a 6	Honey lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	18 a 31	Smearcase cake	2 a
Salt Shad lb	11	Halibut	6a 8

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	51½	52½
U S 6 p ct			Reading	47½	48½
" " '52	104	—	Minehill	63	63½
" " '67	114	—	Har & Lan	28½	30
" " '68	114	—	Ches Val	34	35
" " '58	102½	—	Penna	—	—
Phila 6 p ct	97½	98	" preferred	—	—
" new	103	103½	P W & Balt	31	32
" "	99	—	Long Island	12½	12½
Cam City 6 p ct	91½	—	Williaport & Elm	12	13½
Pitts 6 p ct	—	—	Catlawissa	13	16
" " coupon	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
All'ny City 6 p ct	—	—	Sch Nav	8½	9
" County "	—	—	" preferred	15½	15½
All'ny and R R's	44	46	Lehigh Nav	60½	61
Penn "			Morris Consol'd	45½	46
" " mortgage	92	93	" preferred	100	100½
Penn 5 p ct	93½	93½	C & Del	45	46
Kentucky 6 p ct	101	102	Union	4	5
Missouri 6's p ct	84½	84½	Sch & T dewater	—	7
Penn R R 5 p ct	99	100	BANK STOCKS.		
2d m'rtgage '52	85½	86½	North Amer	134½	135
C & Amb R 6 p ct	98	99	Phila	109	110
P G & N R R "	—	—	Far & Mec	57	58
Reading R R "	74	75	Commercial	48	48½
" " m'rt	80	81	N Liberty	85	88
" " 6 p ct '58	98	98½	Mechanics	26	26½
Lehigh Val 6's	79½	80	Southwark	70	—
Ches Val R R "	75	80	P Township	54	54½
Tioga R R "	80	—	Kensington	34½	—
Phil Wil & Bal			Girard	16½	17½
" R R 6 p ct	93½	93½	Western	55	60
Long I R R "	77	78	Man & Mech	34½	35
Sch Nav "	60	61	Commerce	57½	58½
Lehigh Nav "	92½	93	Tradesman's	—	—
Mort "	86½	87½	City	50	65
C & D C "	80	84½	Consolidation	23	24½
Sus & Tid "	52	52½	Commonwealth	18	20
Union Canal	36½	37	Corn Exchange	—	—
Williams & Elmira			Penn Gas	45	46
1st m'rt 7 p ct	67	67½	Manufacturers	51	55
2d " 7 p ct	46	50	Gas'ge Fuel	—	—
Catawissa "	42	44½	Kentucky	112	113½
North Pa 6 p ct	57½	57½	Northern Ky	134½	135
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky	115	—
Cam & Amboy	85½	86	Farmers, Ky	112	—
Penna	42½	42½	Union, Nash, Tenn	94	—
Sun Meadow	83½	84	Plant's, Tenn	85	—
North Penna	34	34	Cons & R Vick	—	—
			N O Gas Li	120	—

DOUGLAS'S POSITION.—The special Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, under date of the 9th, says:—"The intimations that Judge Douglas is seeking reconciliation with the Administration, were pronounced false by Judge Douglas himself to-day. He affirms that he maintains his position upon Kansas to the fullest extent, but at the same time he stands upon his party in Illinois on a platform not essentially opposed to the Administration, though openly to rile to the Republican party."

A CAUTION.—The editor of the Southern Planter says that several instances have been brought to his notice where cattle have died from eating cornstalks, that had been chewed by hogs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
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BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 8 xth St., Cincinnati, O
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY EVER EFFECTED.

Cedarburg, Ozaukee Co., Wis., April 23, 1858.
Dr. D. JAYNE:—

Dear Sir—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her accouchement. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless from defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold; her face and head swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and, although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death; for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although chided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative; one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged and gave up all hope. However persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicine was continued until forty-six bottles were taken, together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN DAY.
M. E. Local Preacher.

Cedarburg, Wis., April 26, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. VOJENITZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the country. my22-2t

NOTHING IS SO BECOMING to a man or woman as a soft, luxuriant head of hair. It is the crowning adornment of humanity. But alas! how soon it is lost, and with it all beauty, unless nourished and invigorated by some chemical preparation, for which nothing has yet been discovered equal to Prof. Wood's Preparation.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

A PLEASANT TRAVELLING COMPANION, and one that no traveller should be without, is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. A sudden attack of diarrhœa, dysentery, or cholera morbus can be effectually and instantaneously relieved by it. It is equally effectual in curing scalds, burns, &c. Sold everywhere.

WE HAVE GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE that in nine cases out of ten, coughs, colds and all bronchial irritations, however severe, may be cured by the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. A single trial will prove this.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-8t

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 20 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 15, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
New banks 1½ to 5 dis
Relief Notes ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solvent banks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solvent banks 1 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solvent banks 2½ dis
GEORGIA
Solvent banks 1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
ALABAMA.
Solvent banks 1 to 5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All banks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solvent banks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solvent banks ½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solvent banks 1 dis
INDIANA.
State bank 1 dis
ILLINOIS.
Solvent banks 2 dis
MISSOURI.
Solvent banks 1 dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 3 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solvent banks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 5 dis
CANADA.
Solvent banks 1 dis

A LADY
WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the rare means of relief. Address enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-8t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willitts, Mr. CHARLES E. SUTTER, to Miss LIZZIE L. daughter of Wm. Borer, Esq. both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THEODORE CANOTHERS, of Bristol, to Miss MARY A. HIBBS, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Newton Heston, O. B. GAUSS, M. D. of Trenton, N. J. to SALLIE A. MILLER, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Chas. A. Smith, Mr. JACOB GRIEL, Jr. to Miss ANNA B. CONRAD, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. G. H. Hare, Capt. RAPHAEL VERAS, of New York, to LYDIA S. daughter of Saml. Overn, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. EDWIN D. MCARTHUR, of this city, to Miss MARY C. BROOKS, of New York.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. V. Gray, Mr. ISRAEL J. CONWELL, to HETTY PETTYJOHN, of Lewes, Del.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. CHARLES MADARA, to Miss SARAH B. LODGE, both of Gloucester county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Salisbury, N. C., on the 24th ultimo, Mr. HORACE H. BOARD, aged about 50 years.

On the 11th instant, SARAH DUBLAP, aged 79.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BROWN.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ADELIN, aged 22.

On the 11th instant, Mr. THOMAS E. MCKINLEY, aged 54 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. HANNIBY KEASE, aged 23 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JESSE JACKSON, aged 40 years.

On the 8th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Mr. John Barron, aged 26 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Stokes, aged 26 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY GUNDE, aged 80.

On the 9th instant, Mr. EDWARD PORCH, aged 22 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY TEMPLEMAN, aged 83 years.

On the 10th instant, ROMANN, wife of Wm. Hollhook, aged 25 years.

On the 9th instant, JAMES MCBRIDE, aged 34.

On the 10th instant, CHARLES FRANKEL, from France, aged 67 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY BRANNAN, aged 65 years.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,
18 SUMMER ST., BOSTON,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. Circulars sent on application by letter. Agents wanted. my8-13t

MUSICAL BOXES

LARGE AND SMALL SIZES, playing from two to eight tunes each, and prices varying from $4,50 to $30.00. They can be sent safely by express to any address.

An article well adapted to enliven a sick chamber and a cheerful companion for the parlor.

FARR & THOMPSON,
Importers of Watches, Musical Boxes, &c., &c.,
324 Chestnut St., below Fourth,
Philadelphia. mh27-cow7t

OLD GOLD PENS REPOINTED. Price 50 Cents. Inclose the Pen in a letter with cash or postage stamps; it will soon be returned as good as new.

I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—

Rochester, Feb. 14, 1858.

Dear Sir:—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before. Your ob't serv't,
W. J. STODDARD.

Address D. ELLIOTT,
feb6-26t Syracuse, New York.

JOHN O. MEAD & SONS,
Manufacturers of
SILVER PLATED WARE
OF RICHEST PATTERNS,
Equal in Finish and Style
TO SOLID SILVER,
North-East Corner Ninth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. myl-13t

FREE.
A PRESENT FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

I shall issue a small work, in a few days, entitled, "*HOPE ON, HOPE EVER*," in which I shall give a perfect history of myself and family, which I think will permanently settle the question in regard to the identity of DR. H. JAMES, of *No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey*, and which will forever silence the numerous slanders of the press. In this little work I intend to give all my views and experience in the treatment of *CONSUMPTION*. I do not charge one cent for the work, but place it free of postage and price into the hands of every person that sends for it.

Address DR. H. JAMES,
No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City,
1t New Jersey.

EMPLOYMENT.

$50 a Month, and all Expenses Paid.

AN AGENT IS WANTED in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For full particulars address H. MONNETT & CO corner of Broome and Mercer Streets, New York City, inclosing one postage stamp to prepay postage. my1-4t

HOW TO MAKE MONEY RAPIDLY. Adapted to either sex—Easy, Genteel, Honorable, and no Humbug. For particulars, send stamp to "AGENCY," Harmony, R. I. my22-6t

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and *Superbly Colored Plates*. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.; if you live West, the same, 122 Main St., Cincinnati. mh13-y

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no humbug. Business new, easy, useful, honorable. For particulars, address my22-2t E. S. RICH, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

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IN THE
WILDS OF AFRICA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED.

To sell DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS during a residence of Sixteen Years in the Wilds of Africa. This is a work of Thrilling Adventures and Hair-breadth Escapes, among savage beasts and more savage men. Dr. Livingstone was alone and unaided by any white man, travelling with African attendants, among different tribes and nations, all strange to him, and many of them hostile, and altogether forming the most astonishing book of travels the world has ever seen. All our Agents acknowledge it is the most salable book published. The most liberal commission made to Agents, in small or large quantities. For particulars, address

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Copies sent by mail, free, on receipt of the price, $1,25.

CAUTION.

The attention of the Publisher has been called to spurious editions of this work, put forth as "Narratives of Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa." Ours is the only cheap American Edition of this great work published, and contains all the important matter of the English Edition which is sold at $6; for the truth of this assertion, we refer to the following notices from some of the most respectable journals in the country:

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

It abounds in descriptions of strange and wonderful scenes, among a people and country entirely new to the civilized world. The most interesting work we regard as one of the year. The work is well printed and handsomely illustrated; and one thing which we like above all others, is the low price at which it is published is sufficient that the price brings it within the reach of all classes of readers.—*Democrat, Paterson, N. J.*

It is emphatically an edition for the people; and, judging from the rapid sale with which it is meeting, it is fully appreciated by them.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

The subjects treated of are new and strange, and take a deep hold upon popular feeling. The book is having a great run, and will be read by every reading man, woman and child, in this, as well as other lands.—*Ashtabula (Ohio) Telegraph.*

The work is finely illustrated, well printed, and firmly bound, thus answering, in every respect, the demand for a *popular* and cheap edition of the "Journeys and Researches in South Africa." Those of our readers who would have a delightful book for reading at any hour, will not be disappointed in this work.—*United States Journal.*

We commend this book to the perusal of all our friends.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

That this work is a work of merit, is proved by the war waged on it by the various publishers, who have raised the cry of "*spurious edition*," hoping this false alarm would draw off the public attention from the cheap edition of J. W. Bradley, of Philadelphia; but we rather guess that those who want to obtain this excellent work know their own interests well enough to get not only the *cheapest* edition yet published, but at the same time get all the important facts of the narrative, which, in the English edition, is sold for six dollars.—*Temperance Monitor, Aurora, Ill.*

This is a valuable work for the general reader, gotten up in beautiful style. A special interest is given to this volume by the addition of valuable "Historical Notices of Discoveries in Africa." Altogether, it would be difficult to name any work which would more completely meet the popular taste of our day. Those of our friends who have perused "our" copy speak very highly of it.—*Fort Edward Inst. Monthly.*

It forms a solid 12mo. of 440 pages, is given in Dr. Livingstone's own words, thus sustaining all the interest which attaches to his wonderful story. The work is finely illustrated, well printed, firmly bound, and will answer the demand for a popular and cheap edition of the "Journeys and Researches in South Africa."—*Constitution, Erie, Pa.*

This interesting work should be in the hands of every one. Its interesting pages of adventures are full of instruction and amusement. Ten thousand copies, it is stated, have been sold in one month.—*Auburn American.*

With truth we can say, that seldom is presented to the reading public a work containing such a vast amount of solid instruction as the one in question. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and presents that *unique* appearance of exterior for which Mr. Bradley's publications are noted.—*Family Magazine.*

Dr. Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa appear to great advantage in this edition, which is undoubtedly the edition most acceptable to the reader who reads for practical instruction and amusement.—*Saturday Post.*

It is a rich and valuable book for the general reader; and the admirable style in which the publisher has issued it, will commend it to the favor of thousands.—*Christian Observer.*

We cannot name thirty-two chapters which are likely to beguile time and enlarge the scope of reflection more pleasantly, and at the same time more satisfactorily, than these Livingstone adventures. A special value is given to this volume, by the addition of "Historical Notices of Discoveries in Africa," and taken altogether it would be difficult to name any publication which more completely meets the popular taste of our time for reading matter, which is strange, new, the scene laid in far-off countries, which touches the feelings and increases our stock of useful knowledge.—*New Yorker.*

The edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by J. W. Bradley, is just what it purports to be. Like all of Mr Bradley's publications, it is excellently gotten up.—*Tioga Agitator, Pa.*

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY—LOCAL AND TRAVELLING AGENTS, in a business which is sure to pay from $20 to $28 per week. Particulars free to all who inclose a stamp or three cent piece for return postage, and address my22-12t S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

HOOFLAND'S
BALSAMIC CORDIAL.

A preparation for *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Consumption, &c.*, compounded on strictly scientific principles, of ingredients hitherto unknown to the American public. It will cure diseases arising from colds in a remarkably short time. Read the following, and give it a trial:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16

Wit and Humor.

A PUZZLED YANKEE.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

One very pleasant day in July last, as I was riding from St. Paul toward Alton, I overtook a "character" in the shape of a "real live Yankee," who, it appeared, had nothing to recommend him save his own assurance; but of that there was no lack. As we caught each other's glance, I nodded slightly, my fresh acquaintance imitating a bow as he jerked out:

"Mornin'! mighty pleasant day, 'Squire."

"Yes, it is rather pleasant."

"Some of a horse, that o' yourn."

I did not reply, but instead scanned my neighbor's beast closely. His eye detected the scrutiny.

"I guess he'll do, won't he?"

"I should judge so," I replied, no little amused at my fellow traveller's manner; "I presume he belongs to you."

He puckered his lips, half closing his eyes at the same time, then jerked his head hastily to one side, as he managed to squeeze out,

"Ye—es—no!" after a long pause. "Well, stranger, I'll be hanged if I know *who* owns it," and he made a sorry effort to laugh.

Evidently the man was looking for fun at me, thought the reader's humble servant, but I could not forbear remarking aloud:

"That is a little singular."

The giggle died away, the grimace left his face.

"Not if you knew the hull of it. You are a new comer, I take it, stranger."

"No, I am not," I answered drily.

"No offence, Squire; come from the East?"

"Yes."

My companion blew his nose vigorously, patted his horse on the neck, and then placed a fresh quid of the weed between his lantern jaws.

"Well, about this hoss; it *is* mine, and it *ain't* mine; leastways, I'm not sartin yet. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to decide on it; *that's so, even so.*"

And here my companion assumed a meditative manner, working his jaws freely. I deemed it best to give him his own time to explain himself. After riding a half mile in silence, he broke out with—

"Much acquainted hereabout?"

"Very slightly."

"P'r'aps you belong to St. Peter's river, or to below?"

I shook my head, and once more he came back to the ownership of the horse.

"Well, about this yer hoss; I'll bet you never heard of *such an idee* as this hoss trade, but, maybe, you could guess where I come from?"

"From Connecticut?"

"No! from Vermont. I'm an out an out Yankee—name's Treadwell—p'r'aps you've heard of Governor Treadwell that used to be—; he's my father's uncle, you see. Somehow a poor cuss hain't no chances there—at least *I* used to think so—so one day I pulled up stakes and perambulated out here to Minnesota; thought I'd make my fortin', *sartin*, and I mean to do it, some day. You see, Major, when I come *to* that place over there, (pointing significantly towards Saint Paul,) I hadn't more than a shilling left; the rascals a'most took the clothes off my back. Now, I don't mind telling you all about it, 'cause you don't know Jerusha, nor the rest on 'em. You see, afore I left home, I used to beau Jerusha round to parties considerably, just to keep my hand in, you know. Jerusha, she kinder got stuck after me, but laws! *I* wasn't the least mite after her. There was a pooty nice gal lived near him, called Susan Pepperill, and so I divided my attentions, acted impartial, you understand; but the first thing I knew, Jerusha moved away with her folks, and of you believe it, stranger, that was the first time I ever knew Jerusha was worth a dollar. Come to find out, she owned five hundred. That riled me, and to aggravate it, Susan took up with another feller, and laughed in my face. So I never asked anything about Jerusha, but come out here. I jest worked here one month, when I met—who do you suppose?"

"Jerusha?"

"No! you're out; 'twas her aunt—an' laws! of we didn't laugh! Of course I had to go right along with her, and on the road I found out that Jerusha's uncle owned three hundred acres, with forty broke in. You'd orter see Jerusha smilin' at me. The old folks wanted me in the family right along, and I seen that they still kept drawin' me on, sorter kinder. But Jerusha ain't no beauty, nohow, an' she's pretty tart, too, so I didn't let on that I knew what they were up to. Now, this hoss belongs to, or once belonged to, Jerusha; (she's got a yoke of oxen, and a cow, and two pair of geese, besides, the only geese I ever seen in the Territory,) and she has a hundred dollars laid away to buy another, so I concluded to—marry her.

"Her an' the old folks heard me talk about lookin' over the country, an' so after a long talk, says she one day, 'Steve, that hoss is worth a hundred and eighty dollars, cash, any day; now you want to look about you. Take the hoss, Steve, peak off to Stillwater, Prescott, Oceola, and them places; take yer time, tew. The hoss is your'n to keep or swap, of you know what you're about; but mind, Steve, *of you own the hoss, I own you.*' Her perzizely identical language, Mr. ———, what may yer name be?"

"Smith, John Smith."

"Her exact word, Mr. Smith, an' of I claim *this*, (patting his horse gently,) Jerusha claims *me*, an' can prove it by the old folks, to say nothin' about a piece of paper I signed just about this time yesterday?"

"Well, of course, you will marry her," I ventured to remark, as I strove in vain to control my muscles.

"Oh, surtinly, surtinly! only I'll be hanged of I know *who'll own the hoss.* However, I'll keep the critter, (that's your way, Mr. Smith; good-day!) I'm bound to keep the critter."

And Mr. Treadwell parted from me, muttering, "*I'll keep the critter.*"

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT.

From the proof sheets of the little volume to be published in a few days by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, we print a few of the scattered witticisms collected during the last twenty years from the conversations and writings of Douglas Jerrold:

The Charitable Man.—He was so good he would pour rose-water over a toad.

John Bull.—An attempt to return to the Middle Ages is trying to make John Bull grow little again into John Calf.

A Careless Housemaid.—That girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it.

Damp Sheets.—To think that two or three yards of damp flax should so knock down the majesty of man!

Woman's Love.—Strange is the love of woman! it's like one's beard—the closer one cuts it the stronger it grows—and both a plague.

Wholesale and Retail.—Wholesales don't mix with retails. Raw wool doesn't speak to half-penny ball of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

A Taste of Marriage.—A gentleman described to Jerrold the bride of a mutual friend. "Why," he is six foot high, and she is the shortest woman I ever saw. What taste, eh!"

"Ay," Jerrold replied, "and only a taste!"

Ugly Trades.—The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

An Actor's Wine.—"Do you know," said a friend to Jerrold, "that Jones has left the stage and turned wine merchant?" "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."

The Philanthropy.—Jerrold hated the cant of philanthropy, and writhed whenever he was called a philanthropist in print. On one occasion, when he found himself so described, he exclaimed, "Zounds! it tempts a man to kill a child to get rid of the reputation."

Picking Up Character.—Jerrold met Alfred Bunn one day in Jermyn street. Bunn stopped Jerrold, and said—"What! I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character."

Jerrold—"Well, not exactly; but there's plenty lost hereabouts."

Pig and Pork.—When my lady sees master pig munching and wallowing in a ditch, she curls her nose and lifts her shoulders at his nastiness. And lo! when the same pig's leg, fragrant with sage and patriarchal onions, smokes upon the board, the same lady sendeth her plate three times.

A Suggestive Present.—Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country, rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over its shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto—'When this you see, remember me.'"

EAGLE THE FIRST—By Alfred Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun, in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

EAGLE YE SECOND—By G. Whillikins.

With hooked claws he clasps ye fence,
Close by ye hencoost; gazing thence
He spies a mice, what's got no sense.
Ye mice beneath can't well see him;
He watcheth from his lofty limb,
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.

P. S.—The difference, though only faint,
'Twixt that and this I now will paint:
His eagle's wild, my eagle ain't.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.—"Good-morning, Mr. Perkins. Have you some excellent molasses?"

"No, mam. Our excellent molasses are all out, but we have some gold St. Flamingo, some New Orleans, some West Engine, and a sort of mulasses which is made from maple sugar, and which we call seeryup."

"Want to know, Mr. Perkins, if this seeryup is acterly made from maple sugar?"

"I pledge you my word of honor, Mrs. Hornby, that it is acterly made from the genuine bird's-eye maple sugar."

"Then, Mr. Perkins, I shall not interrogatory any more, but without further circumlocution proceed to purchase half-a-pound of the seeryup."

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Hornby, we don't sell it by weight, but by measure."

"Oh, by measure? then I will take half a yard."

[Evident sensation throughout the institution.]

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S HUNTING DIARY.—A correspondent of the Northern Ensign says a book is shortly to be published by Colonel Rawlinson, upon further discoveries he has made. He found Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and here a portrait of his dogs, sketched by his name under it. He mentions in it having been ill, and whilst he was delirious he thought he had been out to graze like the beasts of the field. Is not this a wonderful corroboration of Scripture? Rawlinson also found a pot of preserves, in an excellent state, and gave some to the Queen to taste.—How little Nebuchadnezzar's cook dreamed, when making them, that twenty-five centuries after, the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves that figured at her master's table!

☞ Francis, Duke of Luxembourg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed. His uniform success, when contending with William III., of England, rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him "hump back." "What does he know of my back?" said the marshal, "he never saw it."

RESULT OF ALLOWING LADIES TO WITNESS RAREY'S HORSE TAMING EXHIBITIONS.

MRS. BLANCH.—"I assure you, my love, he is completely under my control. He never talks now of such a thing as going to his club, or dining at Greenwich with his bachelor friends, and he will read to me while I work for the hour together."

MRS. CATHERINE.—"Oh, I must certainly learn the art, for my Augustus is really dreadful!"

—London Punch.

A HINT FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.—It is a singular fact, that only nine years before the first Revolution, and when no power on earth could have saved the institutions of the country, the government was so ignorant of the real state of affairs, and so confident that it could quell the spirit which its own despotism had raised, that a proposal was made by an officer of the Crown to do away with all the publishers, and not allow any books to be printed except those which issued from a press paid, appointed, and controlled by the executive magistrate. This monstrous proposition, if carried into effect, would of course have invested the king with all the influence which literature can command; it would have been as fatal to the national intellect as the other measures were to national liberty; and it would have consummated the ruin of France, either by reducing its greatest men to complete silence, or else by degrading them into mere advocates of those opinions which the government might wish to propagate. *—Buckle's "History of Civilization."*

THE ROYAL TOLL-GATHERER.—"The man who stopped the king" was a cognomen given to Robert Sleath, toll-taker at the turnpike-gate, at Worcester, when King George the Third, in the summer of 1788, visited Bishop Hurd, at Hartlebury. Sleath resolutely resisted the passing of any one of the king's retinue without payment of the toll, and was constantly afterwards recognized by that appellation. He died in Birmingham, in November, 1805, when his death occasioned the following impromptu:—

On Wednesday last, old Robert Sleath,
Pass'd thro' the Turnpike gate of Death;
To him, Death would no toll abate,
Who stopped the king at Wor'ster-gate.

Useful Receipts.

LIQUID GLUE.—For all purposes where it will not come in contact with water, this glue may be used with safety. To prepare it, take glue of good quality and dissolve it in as small a quantity of hot water as possible; then, while yet hot, remove it from the fire and dilute it to the proper degree of thinness by adding alcohol, after which it should be bottled and the mouth of the bottle kept covered with a piece of India rubber, or any thing else that will exclude the air. Alcohol will preserve glue made in this way for many years, keeping it from putrefaction in summer and from freezing in winter. In cold weather it needs only a little warming to make it ready for use. This convenient article has been in use in England for many years, but never has been extensively known in this country.

PAINT WITH SINGULAR PRESERVATIVE QUALITIES.—By subjecting eight parts, by weight, of linseed oil and one part of sulphur to a temperature of 298 deg., in an iron vessel, a species of paint, possessing singular preservative qualities, is produced. Applied to the surface of a building, with a brush, it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposits of soot and dirt, and preserves the beauty of the stone, wood, or brickwork to which it is applied.—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

HARD WATER.—The following extract from "Stephens's Book of the Farm," may perhaps be useful:—"If the hardness is caused by gypsum, a little pearl ash or soda, (carbonate of potash, or carbonate of soda) will remove it; and the time of the water will also be precipitated with the carbonic acid of the pearl-ash or soda."

TAR AND GRAVEL WALKS.—Place the gravel in a pile and pour on as much tar as will mix with it. No boiling is necessary. Five or six inches of this composition will be needed to make a good walk. We have never known it to be injured by frost.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GRUB IN SHEEP.—Make a common elder squirt-syringe, lay the sheep upon its back, and inject about two tablespoonfulls into each nostril, of a decoction of strong tobacco juice, and you will find it the best and safest remedy.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

TO WASH COTTON STOCKINGS.—Lay them in cold water at night; next day boil them in a copper with some soda and soap; stir them well about, and they will become quite clean without any rubbing; rinse them well in cold water, and bleach them; when nearly dry, draw them smooth, folding them straight over the instep. Place them under a heavy weight, or iron them.

Agricultural.

TO ASCERTAIN THE WEIGHT OF LIVE CATTLE.

Experienced drovers and butchers are in the habit of buying cattle, estimating their weight on foot. From long observation and practice they are enabled to come very nearly to the actual weight of an animal; but many of them would be most apt to err, if at all, on the *right* side; while the less experienced farmer always stands the greatest chance to get the worst of the bargain. To such we would recommend the following rule to ascertain the weight of cattle, which is said to approach very nearly the truth, in most cases. The proof of this to the satisfaction of any farmer, is easily determined at most of the annual fairs, where scales are erected, and at numerous other points in the country.

RULE.—Take a string, put it around the breast, stand square just behind the shoulder blade, measure on a rule the feet and inches the animal is in circumference; this is called the girth; then, with the string, measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock; direct the line along the back to the fore part of the shoulder blade; take the dimension on the foot rule as before, which is the length; and work the figures in the following manner; Girth of the animal, say 6 feet 4 inches, length 5 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together makes 31 square superficial feet, and that multiplied by 23 (the number of pounds allowed to each superficial foot, of cattle measuring less than seven and more than five feet in girth,) makes 713 pounds. When the animal measures less than nine and more than seven feet in girth, 31 is the number of pounds to each superficial foot. Again, suppose a pig or any small beast should measure 2 feet in girth, and 2 along the back, which feet in girth and 2 along the back multiplied together, makes 4 square feet, that multiplied by eleven, the number of pounds allowed to each square foot, of cattle measuring less than three feet in girth, makes 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf, a sheep, &c., should measure 4 feet 6 inches in girth, and 3 feet 9 inches in length, which multiplied together make 15¾ square feet; that multiplied by 16, the number of pounds allowed to cattle measuring less than 5 feet and more than 3 in girth, makes 265 pounds. The dimensions of girth and length of horned cattle, sheep, calves and hogs, may be exactly taken in this way, as it is all that is necessary for any computation, or any valuation of stock, and will answer exactly to the four quarters, sinking the offal. The rule is so simple that any man with a bit of chalk can work it out. Much is often lost to farmers by mere guess-work in the weight of their stock, and this plain rule is well worth their attention.—*Valley Farmer.*

PROTECTION OF HORSES AGAINST FLIES.—A recent number of the Irish Farmers' Gazette, says that if a horse, previous to being taken out of the stable, be well sponged with a decoction of laurel leaves about the head, loins, &c., it would be a preventive to his being stung and annoyed with horse-flies. The decoction is made by boiling the leaves in water for a considerable time. The more leaves are used in proportion to the water, the better it will be. The decoction should be carefully put away, as it is highly poisonous. While writing the above, our attention is also directed to a statement in a recent number of the Moniteur d' Agriculture of Paris, which reminds its readers that M. de Serre the famous French agriculturist, made the discovery that a decoction of the leaves of the walnut tree, applied to horses and other animals as a wash, will be found a complete protection against the sting of insects. Try both.

CHURNING MILK.—A Connecticut dairyman (A. H. Byington, of Norwalk,) thinks that more, sweeter and better butter is produced by churning all milk, than by churning ice cream alone, as is usually practiced in New England. And "the buttermilk," he says, "churned from milk just turned, is better for promoting the growth of hogs or even calves, than skimmed sweet milk." This, from careful observation, he regards as a settled fact, and if so, worthy the attention of farmers. Will our dairying subscribers who have experimented, give us their views on the subject?—*Country Gentleman.*

SHEEP WASHING.

The following, taken from the Ohio Farmer, explains, in a practical manner, why sheep should be washed, and why shelter should be afforded them from long continued rain storms:

The "philosophy" of a thing is the reason why it is so. One who understands why a thing is so, will be likely to do the work connected with it better than if he were ignorant of its theory. Now, in regard to washing sheep, many persons doubtless suppose that the water acts simply to dissolve the dirt in the fleece, and by its *mechanical* action to separate it from the fibre. This it does, to be sure, and this would be a sufficient reason for washing the sheep, if the water did nothing else. But this is really the smallest part of what good sheep-washing does. You have perhaps noticed, on the finer-wooled sheep especially, a yellow exudation near the skin. You will see it nearly *all over* good sheep, but most on the breast and shoulders. Now this is a secretion from the glands of the skin, and serves, it is supposed, an important purpose in refining the fibre, and in protecting the animal. But the fact about it which has most to do with sheep-washing, is the following: This yellow gum, called Yolk, from its resemblance to the yolk of an egg, is largely composed of potash and oil. It is, in short, a sort of naturally formed soap, which, when the sheep is plunged into the water, is dissolved, and acts as a powerful cleanser of the whole fleece. It is as if fine soap had been intimately mixed with it down to the very skin, just before washing the sheep. The owner of sheep who keeps this fact in mind, will see the importance of several things, which we will mention. 1. He will do well to wet the sheep and let them stand a little while before he washes them thoroughly. This will allow the soap of the yolk to act freely. 2. If he can wash his sheep in clear, soft water, this will be better than hard water. 3. He will find it good for this, as well as for other reasons, to wait till the weather and water are mild, for the soap acts better thus than if the water is very cold. 4. He will see the importance of sheltering the flock from long and severe rains. These dissolve the yolk, and lower the quality of the wool, besides chilling and weakening the sheep themselves.

TO PREVENT FOXES KILLING LAMBS.—I take a red woolen flannel string, say three-quarters of an inch wide saturate it with sulphur and grease, give it a slack twist, and tie it around the lamb's neck. Thus I serve the whole, and turn them out until shearing, when I take the strings all off. By this simple mode I have saved hundreds of dollars, and have never lost a lamb when I have practiced it.

In communicating the above to you about shearing time, (1856,) I stated that I had tried the remedy, and that I believed it had thus far proved perfectly effectual.

I would now say that at "shearing (that year) I took the strings all off," put some sulphur and grease on each lamb, and yet, notwithstanding this precaution, (which is similar to the "never failing" remedy of "A Wool Grower,") the foxes afterward took, as I think, sixteen of the above lambs, and those, too, which were strong and healthy.

Last season I tied strings on nearly every lamb, and let them remain until about the 1st of September, and think that I did not lose one by the foxes, although they were about the lots as usual. At shearing time I feared that the strings would become too tight, and we lengthened out a few of them, but I now think there is no need of it, if they are tied quite loose at first.—D. G. WILLIAMS, *East Dorset, Vt.*, in *Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO CURE GAPES IN CHICKENS.—I think I have found a *certain* and at the same time a *simple* and *safe cure* for the little chick. The Gapes are nothing more than a small collection of *Red Worms* which inhabit the *Wind Pipe*, about the size of a *pin*; they collect into a *knot*, which finally suffocates the chicken and it dies. Now all that is necessary, is to remove these Worms and all is right. The usual remedies such as *Black and Red Pepper, Mustard, Turpentine, Oil, &c.*, can do no good, as they cannot reach the *Wind Pipe* where the trouble is.

My plan is simply to take a small quill and divest it of the feathery part except a small bunch at the *tip end* which I *cut short*, then tie a thread to this end, catch the chicken, open its mouth, insert the quill in its *Wind Pipe*, and giving it a *few turns*, the *thread* forms a circle round the quill, when it can be withdrawn and is sure to bring the Worms with it. I have used it in a hundred of cases and never known it to fail once, but it cured immediately. It is very simple at least, and costs only a little time and patience.—*Correspondent of Ohio Farmer.*

ANECDOTES OF SHELLEY.—An old shopkeeper, a grocer, living near to the poet's residence, remembered him, and "hoped his children did not take after him, for he was a very bad man;" but on being interrogated as to the poet's bad actions, he explained that Shelley had not been guilty of any bad actions that he knew of—on the contrary he was uncommonly good to the poor—but then he did not believe in the devil! The grocer's wife also bore testimony to Shelley's want of orthodoxy in this respect. The poet had christened his boat the Vaga, and she related, with much apparent satisfaction, how a wag had on one occasion added the letters "*bond*" to the name painted on the stern, remarking—"Mr. Shelley was not offended; he only laughed; for you see he did not believe in the devil, and so he thought there could be nothing wrong"—*Middleton's Life of Shelley.*

A MAGNANIMOUS HUSBAND.—Not long since, a widow, one of those whom we are in the habit of calling well preserved, by the name of Madame R———, yielding to the ardent solicitations of one of the young literary men of Paris, married him. On returning from the church and the mayor's office, the lady took her husband aside, and said, "Pardon me, my dear, for I have deceived you!" "In what?" said the young man of letters, much troubled. "I told you that I had two hundred thousand francs, and—." "Well, and you have not? Never mind; it's all the same to me." "No, that is not it exactly; I have two millions!" The husband forgave her.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 18, 6, 6, 5, 26, 21, 16, was a President of the United States.

My 8, 1, 2, 18, 11, 18, 19, 19, 15, 14, was a brave and daring spirit of 1775.

My 4, 6, 18, 14, 9, 25, was a very welcome ally to the United States.

My 22, 3, 19, 7, 19, 14, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 17, 24, 15, 16, 12, 21, 22, was the scene of splendid military manœuvres.

My 23, 24, 25, 3, 11, 15, was a general in the rebel army.

My 27, 9, 20, 19, 18, 5, 6, was an American general.

My 5, 24, 15, 3, is a lake in the United States.

My 19, 21, 23, 18, 11, was an Indian brave, a friend to the pale faces.

My whole was a very marked and noted event in American History. FRANK.

Athalia, O.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 3, 11, 49, 20, 32, 16, 50, 6, 23, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 45, 8, 10, 8, 24, 41, 42, is a county in Vermont.

My 10, 3, 24, 46, 13, 51, is a county in California.

My 37, 23, 19, 11, 15, 43, 9, is a county in Iowa.

My 28, 32, 14, 40, 52, is a county in Missouri.

My 52, 36, 3, 21, is a county in California.

My 17, 35, 25, 29, 11, 31, 3, 30, 15, is a county in Missouri.

My 50, 2, 43, 38, 3, 23, is a county in Utah.

My 45, 4, 33, 23, 20, 18, 26, is a county in Alabama.

My 33, 32, 5, 32, 12, 22, 27, is a county in Texas.

My 34, 40, 16, 7, 1, 47, is a parish in Louisiana.

My 12, 44, 50, 29, 38, 9, 39, 22, 13, 42, is a county in Tennessee.

My whole is what we all should do.

Cannonsburg, Mich. P. W. S.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 7, 1, 21, 17, 11, is a favorite animal.

My 4, 20, 17, 7, 8, 14, 19, costs many persons more than they earn.

My 9, 5, 18, 25, is one of the productions of a farm.

My 2, 8, 22, 16, is an indispensable article.

My 13, 1, 23, is used by tobacco growers.

My 7, 16, 10, 6, is kept by nearly all farmers.

My 3, 20, 15, 12, is sometimes rough but always ready.

My 19, 24, 14, 6, 18, often vexes the farmers.

My 3, 5, 25, 13, is a particular name for a domestic animal.

My 17, 20, 2, 5, 12, is a food composed of raw herbs.

My whole are in East Hempfield Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. PLOUGH BOY.

Landsville.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The soldier stands in the door of his tent,
In my *first* with a heavy heart,
For he thinks of his wife, his children and home,
From which he was forced to part.

To gain my *second* he left his home,
(Will he ever see it more?)
His little ones play on the cottage porch,
And my *whole* climbs over the door.

MARA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A modest little thing,
To pluck thy stem at morn;
Alas! my *first* can sting,
"There's none without a thorn."

Should you an hungered be,
As I have reckoned,
And eat, you'll plainly see,
You'd have done my *second*.

'Tis said the damsel fair,
Has from my first oft stolen,
Her blushing cheeks so rare,
To crown my *whole* in.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first's* a kind of conveyance,
Very convenient for our race;
My *second's* a personal pronoun,
In the possessive case.

My *whole* is one of the colors,
And many it handsome call;
Without it our good painters
Could hardly do at all.

Clinton Co. J. M. B., Jr.

ANAGRAMS

On Names of Countries in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A burn	Wet rats.
A mat.	O no, Sam.
A hut	Oats.
A den.	

Lebanon, Tenn. BOB WHITE.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two circles whose diameters are as 1 to 2 to 3; if the larger circle be described with its centre on the circumference of the smaller circle, it will cut off just one acre more from the smaller circle than the smaller circle would cut off from the larger circle if it was described with its centre on the circumference of the larger circle. Required the radii of the circles?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a man who disturbs your evening meditations by bawling oysters, and the one who breaks your morning slumbers by yelling mack-rel? Ans.—One is actuated by a shell-fish motive, the other by a sell-fish one.

☞ Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Ans.—Because his *gait* is broken and his *locks* are few.

☞ What is worse than raising cats and dogs? Ans.—Hailing cabs and omnibuses!!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—This is the Last of Earth—I am Content. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Honesty is the best policy. CHARADE—Comet. CHARADE—Fernando Noronha, (Fern-and-O-Nor-on-ha). ANAGRAMS—Mendocino, Malabar, Charles, Fairweather, St George, Foulweather, Gregory, Flattery, Delos Reyes, Sable. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—720 feet.